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by HARRY HOPKINS

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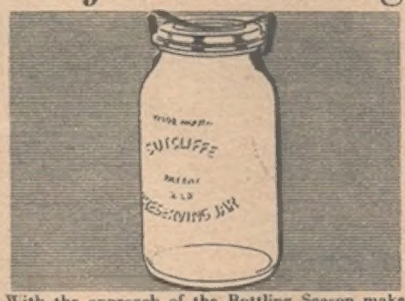

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E D I T O R I A L

Taking care of our visitors

OUR TOURIST INDUSTRY, selling Britain's scenery and history, earns more dollars than any one of the manufacturing export industries.

How badly we need those tourist dollars everybody should now know.

But to earn them—and to keep on earning more of them according to plan—we must obviously learn to cater a lot better for our visitors.

We have got to develop, for the first time in our history, a skilled and well-equipped tourist organization which will give visitors to Great Britain the kind of service they expect but, at present, rarely get.

We want better hotels, better food, more convenient and cheaper transport as a start.

Hitherto, British hotels, with a few exceptions, have too often been criticized as obsolete, uncomfortable and ill serviced; while British catering has neither made the best of our rations nor attempted to meet the special tastes of visitors from other countries.

Once, these drawbacks to Britain didn't matter. Now, with a seventy-million-dollar revenue from tourists this year and a 150-million target for 1952, they matter very much.

Obviously, efficiency must be organized into the tourist industry. We take it for granted in the motor and textile industries, neither of which could withstand foreign competition for a month if they were run in the haphazard, slovenly way we cater for tourists.

We have got to stop being amateurs of hospitality and become instead skilled professionals, equipped and trained to do the job properly and to build up tourism into a permanent national asset.

WHERE we now fail is best understood by studying details of complaints made about British hospitality by Canadian and American travellers.

These complaints are particularly instructive when they show up the grievances of the lower-income-group holidaymakers we are trying to attract.

Film stars, millionaires and celebrities who motor straight from the *Queen Elizabeth* to the Savoy or Claridges don't complain—why should they? But ordinary Americans, of whom we hope to welcome millions this year and every year in the future, find much to criticize.

One of their biggest grumbles is about our hotels. Both in London and the provinces they find it difficult to get hotel rooms without booking far in advance; and even then, they say, the prices are too high.

Of course, there is a shortage of hotel space. The position is bad now and certain to be far worse during the Festival of Britain in 1951. But in the most crowded city there is always a room somewhere—if the weary visitor, arriving without a booking, can only find it.

So we ought to have in London, and in each of the big provincial cities, a Central Hotel Bureau, where every eligible hotel would be registered and where it would report daily what rooms it had vacant.

Thus a tourist arriving at a London station or airport could taxi straight to the Hotel Bureau, which would direct him to any suitable hotel with an empty bed. How helpful this would be—and how different from the plight of an overseas visitor arriving in a strange, enormous city without the slightest idea where to turn for a bed!

ANOTHER general complaint is of British café, restaurant and hotel cookery. The powdered or tinned soup, half-heated up, which the British stoically endure, disgusts foreigners to the point of revolt.

And Americans often remark that we seemingly cook fried potatoes in hair oil. They complain that we do not offer appetizing greens and salads—and it is true that few cooks seem to know how to cook vegetables or dress a salad.

Our visitors assert that, even if meat is scarce, fish could be served fresh and made more interesting.

Now, these food complaints can be traced not so much to shortage of food as to lack of skill and imagination in the kitchen. Would it not be possible to set up a National College of Cookery, where in time all hotel and restaurant cooks could be properly trained?

Discomfort and lack of food on railway journeys are a stock tourist grievance. The Railway Executive will have to improve this service.

Our licensing laws infuriate both American and European visitors—and their effect is aggravated by the high price of spirits and beer. Shortages of sweets and cigarettes we cannot help—because even dollar tourists must share some of Britain's austerities.

But we can look after such matters as this, instanced recently by an American visitor: "Where — oh, where, in London can one sit down and relax, especially if it is raining?"

Come to think of it, where can you sit down in London, without going into a crowded café? This is just one of the little things which visitors notice and which must be put right.

After all, it won't do us any harm to get into the habit of seeing our homeland as foreigners see it!

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

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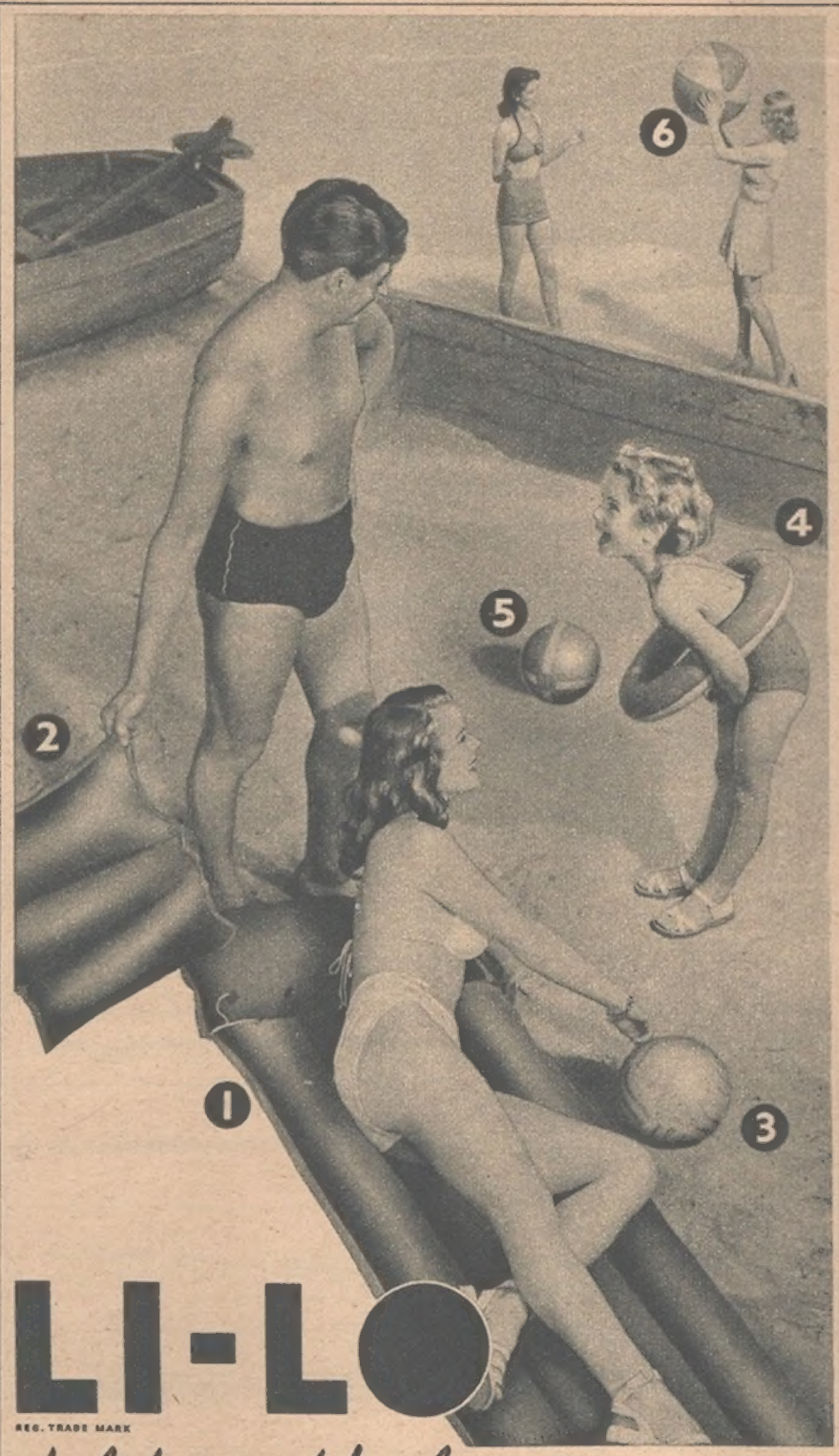

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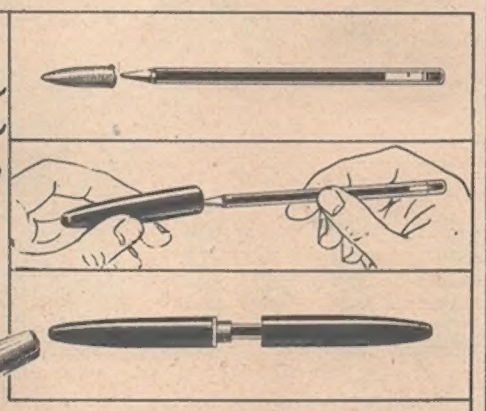

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Free Speech

"Make your holiday an adventure"

JOHN NIVEN'S fine article on climbing (JOHN BULL, July 9) should inspire a lot of your readers to take more adventurous holidays. I should like to add a word.

During the past fifteen years I have climbed in the Scottish Highlands, helped to sail a ketch to the Mediterranean, explored some of the Norwegian fjords by canoe, worked on a farm, had a round trip to Tangier and back as one of a ship's crew, walked over miles of Britain that I should probably never have seen otherwise, cycled through Holland and had a camping holiday on the lovely west coast of Ireland. This list could easily be added to by anyone with a hunger for adventure.

The reward is in the achievement. Anyone who wastes his short weeks of leisure following the crowds to a stereotyped resort is missing a priceless opportunity to enrich his experience.—H. A. P., Leicester.

Power From The Valleys

YOUR EDITORIAL "Power plans need not spoil the valleys" (JOHN BULL, July 9) was quite right. They need not. Elan Valley, the famous Welsh beauty spot, has been sufficiently industrialized to supply Birmingham with its water. Yet the works of Man have been so dovetailed into the works of Nature that the beauty

Elan Valley Dam

of this valley has, if anything, been enhanced.—T. J. DOUGAN, 5 Lucerne Avenue, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

. . . You do not seem to have any idea of the destruction being created in the Scottish Highlands by the hydro-electric schemes. Scores of glens will be ruined. —J. M., Inverness.

. . . As an American tourist I am astounded at what is being done to the Scottish Highlands. That the British should allow the little natural scenery they have left to be so abused staggers me. It seems wicked when there is every likelihood that coal and water power may soon be old fashioned.—TOURIST.

It's The Smile That Counts

SOME PATIENTS may think male nurses have a gentler touch than girls, as Barbara Vise says in her article "Mr. Nurse Makes Good" (JOHN BULL, July 9). But one of the greatest assets of a nurse is a charming smile. I remember being treated by male nurses in an Army hospital. They were efficient and kindly, but I was never so glad to get out of hospital in my life.

The truth is that men just haven't the precious gift of being able to smile for no earthly reason at all.—L. T., Surrey.

Where Are The Sheep?

NINETY-THREE OLD AGE pensioners (average age seventy-three) have just enjoyed a sixty-mile tour of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire. They returned gravely concerned about the thousands of acres of unoccupied grazing land. Not one of them could remember so few sheep and cattle. — C. A. WARWICKER, 91 Hallwood Road, Kettering, Northants.

Goodbye To The Desk

OFFICE WORKERS are badly neglected as far as rates of pay and conditions of work are concerned. I am on the permanent staff of one of the nationalised industries. At the age of twenty-three, for a thirty-seven hour week (plus five hours unpaid overtime) I receive £4 10s., which is £2 less than the average manual worker in the industry and 15s. less than the lowest paid labourer.

Many of my friends on the manual side say that they wouldn't have my job for a fortune, but they can rest assured that someone is going to have it for a pittance in the near future.—CLERK, Devon.

Guide For Parents

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM states in his article "Baby Will Be Fit After All" (JOHN BULL, July 2) that congenital dislocation of the hip can be diagnosed long before the baby walks. My baby was born with this complaint, but there were no signs to show anything was wrong until she started to toddle. Unless babies are X-rayed when they are tiny, how can parents know that such a thing exists?—MRS. I. TILLMAN, Westbourne, 63 West Hill Drive, Dartford, Kent.

⁂ *Dr. Harvey Graham writes: Unfortunately, there are only a few cases in which a "clicking hip," or skin folds in the thigh which are not the same on both sides, can be noted by the parents before the infant starts to walk. In most cases, the diagnosis can only be made by a doctor and must then be confirmed by X-ray.*

Hodge Cure Works

I WAS FEELING out of step until I read Herbert Hodge's article (JOHN BULL, June 25). I followed his prescription and here I am on my sixtieth birthday tramping through Sherwood Forest in the footsteps of Robin Hood. For a fortnight I am sleeping in field or forest or under a hospitable roof, as fortune dictates.

I have been amazed at the prodigal generosity I have met and I shall go back home with my perspective restored.—WILLIAM JENKINS, 31 Hillside Avenue, Alexandra, Dumbartonshire.

MORE READERS' LETTERS ON PAGE 30

[yōō-nēk′]

THAT is not Greek in the dictionary or in Dagenham. The dictionary defines 'Unique' as "Having no like or equal; unmatched, unparalleled". Ford of Dagenham satisfies this definition. For example, at Dagenham stands the only waterfront in Great Britain devoted entirely to the requirements of the British Motoring Industry. It belongs to Ford; it is equipped with the largest unloaders in Europe. Ford is the only British motor manufacturing firm with its own blast furnace, its own rolling mill, its own gas works and coke ovens. It is the only firm in the British Motor Industry which augments the national supply of gas and electricity instead of drawing upon it. Its system of Service Facilities is unique in extent, efficiency and economy. All these unique features are designed to make Ford motoring economical to the home motorist and provide a maximum contribution to Great Britain's export drive.

Ford

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Ford Enterprise for British Prosperity

How old is your baby?

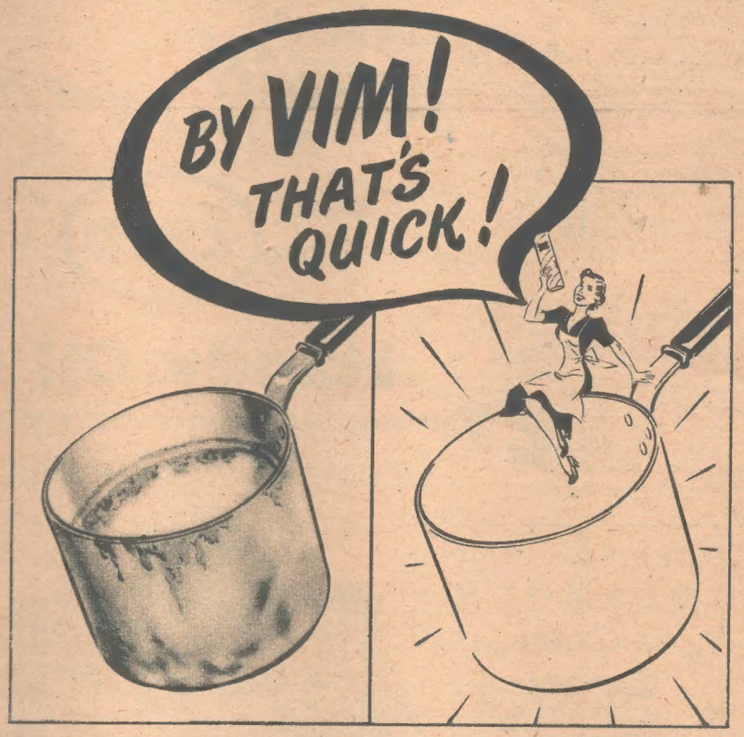
ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

Mother! *You* want to do everything you can for your baby.

Do you know that diphtheria is a killer which still claims a baby's life almost every day? It may come to your district—*your home*—this year or next year—killing, crippling. Diphtheria is an *infectious* disease. Immunisation is the only safeguard.

When your child is eight months old, that is the time to start thinking about making arrangements. Ask your Family Doctor or at the Welfare Centre. Your baby can be made 26 times safer than one who has not been protected. And immunisation is painless, causes no after-upset. ***Protect your child before his first birthday.***

BI/R



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VIM—the fastest, smoothest cleaner!

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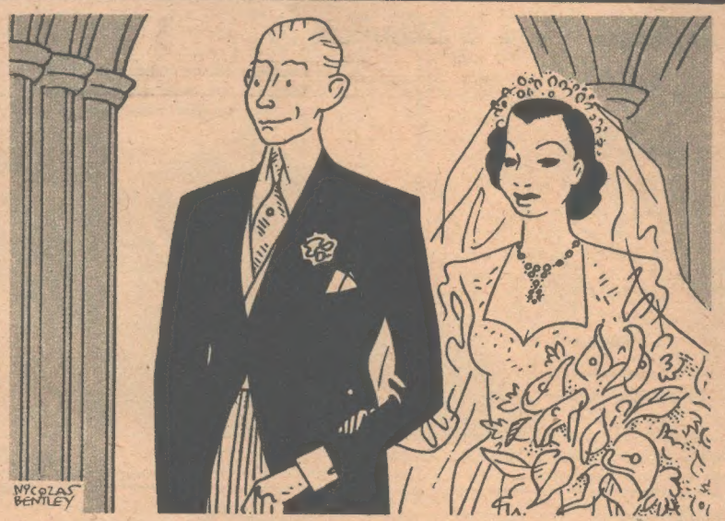

Here comes the bride (to say nothing of the bridegroom) and on all sides cameras are ready to capture the fleeting moment. What a good thing there are more Ilford films about to make it easier to get sharp, lively photographs of scenes you want to remember. That's why more and more people are saying

"I'm all for ILFORD films"

Indigestion?..feel a flop?..

Alka Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer...right on top!

Indigestion? Stomach all upset? An Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water (hot or cold) will soon set you right. First, Alka-Seltzer's double-action soothes pain—extra fast. Then it neutralises excess acid, often the root of your distress. Try it! Millions sold yearly.

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Pick a pack of

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Doubling the Delight!
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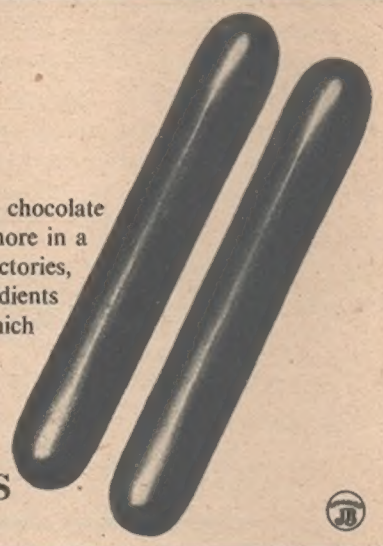
How well they go together—good rich chocolate and crisp white biscuit. And 20 or more in a quarter pound! Oven-fresh from the factories, they are made from the finest ingredients obtainable, in the Weston way which means quality through and through.



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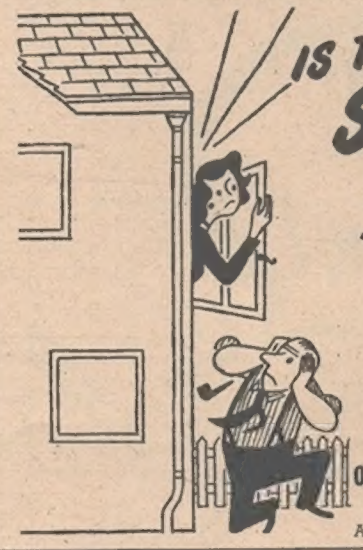

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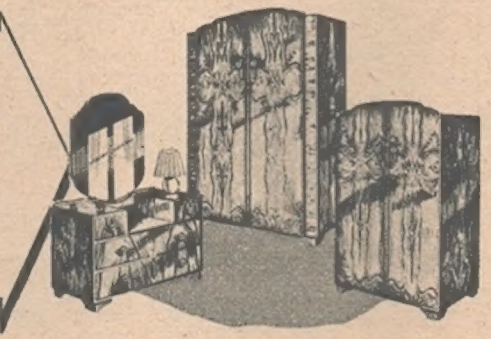

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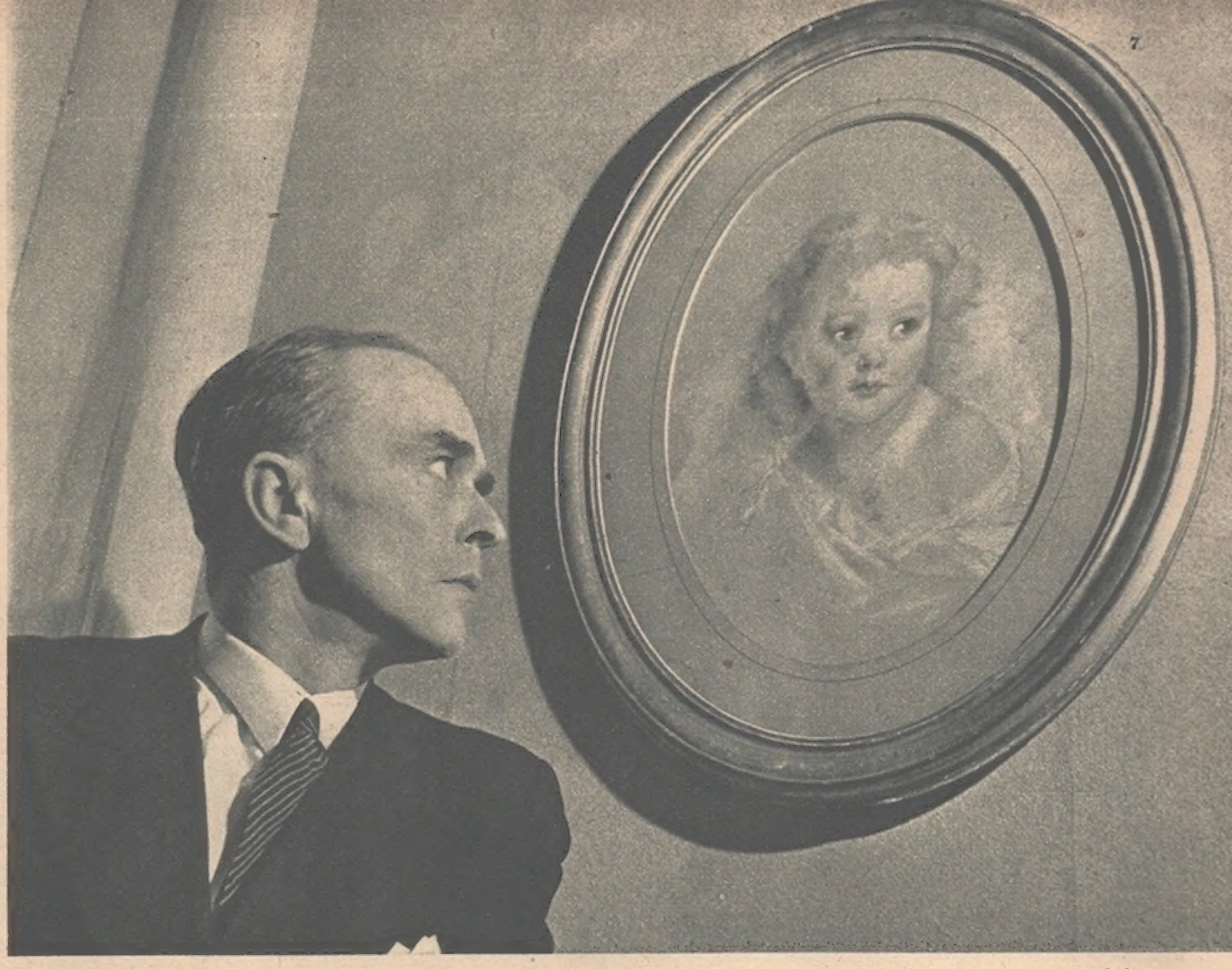
9J/18

Ireland's family of fate

by HARRY HOPKINS

Maud Gonne, the mother, is now a legend. John MacBride, the father, is in a rebel grave. But their firebrand son, Sean, a Cabinet Minister, fights on



MacBride and childhood portrait of mother, Maud Gonne. At age of twelve, he tricked detectives, rescued her

SEAN MACBRIDE, youngest Foreign Minister in Western Europe, tilts far back in his chair under the ornate ceiling of Dublin's Iveagh House and smiles. "Are we *really* so unreasonable?" he asks. And, faced by so potent a blend of French and Irish charm, it would be hard indeed to say "yes."

Almost as hard, in fact, as it is to believe that this urbane young diplomat with the greying hair can be the same Sean MacBride who eclipsed De Valera and opened a new era in Irish politics, MacBride the Firebrand, MacBride the Irreconcilable, who cut the last link with the Crown, throwing the lawyers into a flurry, stirring again the bitter cauldron of the past.

Across the big desk in the former Guinness town house—now Ireland's Foreign Office—the dark Celtic eyes watch me, the Englishman, intently, and, more in sorrow than in anger, the gentle voice with the faint French lisp says: "The English know more about Pakistan or Burma or almost any other country than they know about Ireland. They don't know—and they don't bother to learn. Complicated? Not at all; it's the simplest thing in the world. . . ."

Born To Rebellion

And to Sean MacBride it is indeed the simplest thing in the world. For he has lived it. Every Irishman of his age was born to rebellion. But MacBride more than most.

Last Easter Monday, crowds blocked Dublin's stately O'Connell Street to watch the tricolour run up over the General Post Office. The makeshift Irish Free State of Michael Collins, the tentative "dictionary republic" of Eamon de Valera, had become the irrefutable "Republic of Ireland" of Sean MacBride.

MacBride himself read the proclamation. As the splendid words rolled over the hushed crowds, less than a mile away in Arbor Barracks prison yard beside the Liffey lay another MacBride—one of the sixteen rebels executed by the British on another Easter, thirty-three years before. The Minister's father.

As the green-white-and-orange flag broke over the General Post Office—just as it had on that other Easter Monday—an old lady sat watching from the seats of honour. She still wore the flowing black she had worn for so many years—in mourning for Ireland. It was Madame Maud Gonne, the Minister's mother.

Girl From The Castle

All Ireland knows the story of how Maud Gonne, the gay young debutante from Dublin Castle, visiting friends in Donegal, witnessed that familiar Irish scene—an eviction. She saw the battering-ram swung against cottage doors. She saw a bedridden old woman pitched out, whimpering, on to the roadside. When she found out that those helping the evicted would be evicted themselves, she went down to the local inn and booked a room, smuggling a woman with a one-day-old baby in after dark.

A Frenchman had once told her, "You could free Ireland as Jeanne d'Arc freed France." She was tall, lovely and accomplished. A glittering social career lay before her. Now she rejected it all. The Frenchman, she saw, had been right.

Henceforth, wherever there were evictions, the colonel's daughter from the Castle was to be seen, watching from her white horse.

It was a sight about which ageing Irishmen still grow lyrical: "I thought she was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen. . . ."

But Maud Gonne meant to be no mere elegant spectator. Once, when 150 evictions were to be carried out, the local bailiff had been poisoned with "cow medicine." He was green and vomiting but still on his feet.

The lovely young girl followed him about, eyeing him impatiently. In the end she came to a conclusion about herself as well as the bailiff. "I knew I hoped he would die and if I could have contributed to his death, I would. . . ."

Lovesick suitors crowded to her feet. To the English she retorted that she could not look at them without seeing prison bars. One elderly baronet pursued her to the wilds of Donegal to renew his proposals with the aid of a large diamond pendant. She took the diamond from his shaking hands and gazed at him coldly.

"I do not care for jewellery," she said, "but your gift shall not be wasted." She thrust the big diamond on a woman at a cottage door. "Sell this and pay your rent."

The legend grew. The flame of nationalism leapt higher.

In the opening years of the century, wanted by the police at home, Maud Gonne was nourishing the seeds of revolt from Paris. There she met—and married—a boisterous County Mayo man named John MacBride, who had returned from America to raise an Irish Brigade to fight for the Boers against the common oppressor.

To these remarkable parents a child was born in Paris in 1904 and educated at a Jesuit academy. Sean spoke little English. But he learned of his heritage at his mother's knee.

Mother's version of cowboys and Indians was unorthodox, but everything a boy could desire. There was, for instance, the story of how, not many years before he was born, she had cut the wires of the illuminations at Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations and substituted gigantic lantern slides of eviction scenes; how she had mass-produced black flags, organized a procession with a "coffin of the British Empire."

Then there was that time when the potato blight was added to the affliction of rackrents, and Mother summoned all villagers to a local hall. As they waited, tense and silent, she marched into the Board of Guardians to put her demands.

"If these people are to die, they will die fighting . . . ten thousand people will soon take the guns from twenty policemen." She got what she asked. "Everyone," she explained, "must work according to his temperament."

Visitor From Ireland

Then, one day in the middle of the first World War, these lively adventures were suddenly illuminated by a strange new light. An excited stranger came from Ireland to see Sean's mother. It was the poet Yeats, her lifelong admirer, bringing the news of how Sean's father, John MacBride, had fallen, staring defiantly into the barrels of an English firing-squad. The 1916 Rebellion had gone off half-cocked. And, characteristically, though uninvited and knowing nothing to the

Maud Gonne and dog. She wears black in mourning for Ireland. Once she was told she was Irish Joan of Arc

last minute, old John MacBride had been in the thick of it.

The story goes that on his way to his office in the morning, John had run into the forlorn little band of rebels hastily digging trenches on St. Stephen's Green. "My God, lads," he exclaimed, "I never thought you had it in you." And he dropped his walking-stick and grabbed a rifle.

On her way back to Ireland, Maud Gonne was spotted by the British police and placed under house arrest. Sean got his mother away when the English detectives had slipped away for a quick one. He was then twelve years old.

Ireland's struggle, which thus began for Sean MacBride as some strange, half-sinister childhood game, swiftly took possession of his life. When he was fourteen he was arrested twice. The first time for starting a row at the trial of a *Sinn Fein* (Ourselves Alone) M.P. The second time for carrying a gun.

When he was fifteen the Black-and-Tan war started. At an age when most boys are still getting used to long pants, Sean MacBride was an officer in a company of the Irish Republican Army, fighting through three terrible years of atrocity and counter-atrocity.

His first big job was to ambush a British armoured car in daylight in the heart of Dublin. His reputation grew. At seventeen he had risen to a place at I.R.A. G.H.Q.

Revolution—systematic, calculated, relentless—was his life. Everything else was subordinated to it. He sub-edited newspapers "on the run"; he married "on the run"; he studied law "on the run"—he was arrested during his second day of attending lectures.

When, with half Ireland a smoking ruin, Michael Collins, head of the I.R.A., took his delegation to London to negotiate a settlement, Sean MacBride went with him as a junior member. It was a great honour for a lad still in his teens.

But when Michael Collins, accepting Lloyd George's suggestion that Partition was no more than an expedient, signed the treaty, Sean MacBride threw in his lot with De Valera, denouncing the "betrayal." Now Irishmen fought Irishmen—and the fight was no less bitter.

How "Dev" Was Caught

With British field guns, Collins bombarded his old comrades-in-arms, entrenched in Dublin's Four Courts and O'Connell Street hotels. As the beaten "irregulars" crawled from the smoking ruins, the Free State Government threw them into jail. Amongst them Eamon de Valera and one of his bright young men, Sean MacBride.

His excellent brain sharpened by years of guerilla warfare, MacBride now began to develop a minor reputation for his skill in escaping from the police.

Once, when prisoners were being shifted in the middle of the night, he jumped from the Black Maria and got away in his pyjamas.

And all the time he was steadily moving up in the mysterious hierarchy of the I.R.A., the underground army of ambush and bomb and terror. In 1925—at the age of twenty-one—he became adjutant-general. Later he was in charge of recruiting.

Maud Gonne watched her son's rise with pride, for even revolutionaries grow old, and by this time the girl who had cut the illumination wires at Victoria's Jubilee was herself acquiring a certain queenly dignity. It was *Madame* Maud Gonne now—but the old ardour was still there, expended in organizing the women's movements, defending the prisoners, the dynamiters and the gunmen who did what they did for Ireland.

She liked to tell how, when the Free State soldiers were preparing to fire on Women Prisoners Defence League demonstrators, she had climbed on a wall and "smiled her contempt at the officer in charge." "We gazed at each other for a full minute. The order to fire was never given."

In 1927, when De Valera laid aside the gun and entered the Dail, MacBride fought on. In 1932, rallying the country behind the old Republican slogans, De Valera formed a government. MacBride fought on.

Maud Gonne applauded. "Down with the devil Empire!" she cried with a burst of the old fire. "Burn everything English—except their coal."

In 1936, Sean MacBride was at the head of the inner council of the I.R.A., fighting De Valera, as De Valera had fought Collins, and all of them had fought the British. But the revolution was spent. There were new men and new issues now.

Lost and adrift, the leaders of the I.R.A. faced the final fatal split. Sean MacBride got out in 1937—just in time. Next year, when English cities shook to the explosions of I.R.A. time-bombs, Ireland's revulsion was hardly less than England's.

For the first time in his life, MacBride was now free to devote himself to his personal interests. Called to the Inner Bar in a shorter time than any living member, he built up a lucrative legal practice. Between cases he defended old I.R.A. comrades sentenced to death by Dev's military courts; the old fight, but fought with wig and gown and learned precedent now.

Big Job Waiting

But Ireland had a new job—the biggest yet—for Sean MacBride. Like Collins and De Valera before him he had to lead his followers back into the parliamentary fold. The difference was that MacBride was—after centuries—the last of the rebels.

Launching the *Clann na Poblachta*, Ireland's latest party of the Left, he rallied his old comrades in the sanctified revolutionary idiom, but beneath lay a message startlingly new for Irish Republicans: the past was past; "national records" were becoming a ramp; what their poor rundown country needed above all else was the best available brains and plenty of honest-to-goodness hard work.

But first, MacBride knew—who better?—it would be necessary to work the Revolution out of Ireland's bloodstream. For this exorcisement, his programme contained three powerful charms: the *Clann* would sever the last legal link with the English oppressor; it would favour an independent currency; it would end Partition.

At the election precipitated by MacBride's challenge, the new party did poorly, but, ironically, just well enough to unseat De Valera after fifteen years. For thus performing the impossible—with characteristic ease and polish—Sean MacBride was rewarded with the key post of Minister for External Affairs

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JOHN BULL'S NEW SERIAL

Following the outstanding success of Nigel Balchin's *A Sort of Traitors*, John Bull has secured the serial rights of an exciting new novel by Winston Graham, *Night Without Stars*. It's a story that will keep you on the edge of your seat from chapter one right up to the dramatic climax. Watch out for

more details next week

MURDER AT ELEVEN

by A. A. MILNE

ILLUSTRATED BY NICKLESS

The inspector knew who the murderer was right enough. And the murderer knew that he knew. If only there were no fiddling details like convincing a judge and jury!

EVER REASONED OUT why murderers in detective stories are always killed in a car crash, or falling over a cliff? Ever noticed that? I mean why a story-book murderer hardly ever gets brought to trial?

Of course, sometimes it's because he's the heroine's Uncle Joseph, and it spoils the honeymoon if you suddenly wake up and remember that your Uncle Joseph is being hanged that morning. But there's another reason. Proof.

All this amateur deducting and inducting is very clever, and I don't say it doesn't find the murderer sometimes; but it doesn't *prove* he's the murderer. Any police inspector knows half-a-dozen murderers he'd like to see with a rope round their necks, but he can't do anything about it. Proof — that's the trouble.

I don't mean the sort of proof which convinces a reader who knows anyhow that his favourite detective is always right; I mean the sort of proof which convinces a jury when the judge has taken out all the bits which aren't legal evidence, and the prisoner's counsel has messed up the rest of it. And that's saying nothing about the witnesses who have let you down.

No, it's an easy job being an amateur detective, and knowing that you've only got to point out to the murderer that logically he must have done it, to be sure that he'll confess or commit suicide in the last chapter. It isn't so easy for a country inspector like me, with a super and a chief constable and a judge and a jury to satisfy.

Murderers? There are hundreds of 'em walking about alive now, all because they didn't come into detective stories.

All the same, I did know an amateur detective once. Clever he was, he worked it all out, just the way they do in detective stories. Helped me a lot. But there you are. We were both quite certain who the murderer was, and what could we do? Nothing.

I put in everything I knew, all the old solid routine stuff, but I couldn't take the case any further. No proof. Only certainty.

The last entry in the book was 10.27. Ambrose said: "That's funny"

PELHAM PLACE it was called, and a fine place, too. Mr. Carter who lived there was a great one for birds. He had what they call a bird sanctuary in the middle of the park. It was in a wood, and there was a lake in the middle of the wood, fed by a little river, and all sorts of water-birds came there, ousels and kingfishers, and so on, and he used to study them and photograph them for a book he was writing about them.

I don't know whether it would have been a good book, because he never wrote it. He was killed one summer's day—hit on the head with what we call a blunt instrument, and left there. Of course, he had a lot of notes and photographs for the book, but it never got finished.

He hadn't made a will, and everything was divided equally between the four nephews, Ambrose and Michael Carter, and John and Peter Whyman. Ambrose, that was the eldest, the one who lived there, wanted to hand the place over to the National Trust after the murder. This, he said, was what his uncle always meant to do, but the others wouldn't agree, so it was sold and they divided up the money. When war came the Army took it over, and, of course, that was the end of any sort of bird sanctuary. . . .

Ambrose—that's my amateur detective—had looked after the place and helped his uncle with the birds and the book. He said that watching birds wasn't so much different from watching people, and it was the best way he knew of training your powers of observation. And moreover, he said, there was a lot of detective work in it, too, and I dare say he was right.

It was natural, later, that he should feel more keenly about the place and want to carry out his uncle's wishes, and equally natural that the others shouldn't.

John and Peter were brothers. John was an actor, mostly out of work, and Peter had just got engaged; he was a barrister but hadn't had any briefs yet, so they both wanted all the money they could get. Michael Carter was Ambrose's cousin, he was in business and doing pretty well, but he had an expensive wife, and money was money. So there it was.

The first I heard of it was from Ambrose, who rang up and said that Mr. Henry Carter, of Pelham Place, had been murdered, and could I send somebody up at once.

I couldn't get hold of our doctor, he was on a case somewhere, so I left a message for him, took a sergeant with me and drove off.

I don't know why, but I had expected to find the body in the house, sort of taken it for granted, and I was a bit surprised when Mr. Ambrose Carter—I'd come across him once or twice, of course—who was waiting for me at the front door, said: "Round to the left here and take the first fork on the right," to the driver, and got into the car.

And then he said: "Sorry, Inspector, hope you don't mind my giving orders, it's in Sanctuary Wood. We can get a bit nearer to it this way." He seemed to have his wits about him, which is what I like.

Well, this is what had happened. Mr. Carter had gone out to his sanctuary at about ten in the morning the day before. He generally spent the whole day there and came back in time for dinner, but every now and then he'd stay the night, so as to be ready for them at the first light, so when he didn't turn up the night before nobody thought anything of it.

"Where did he sleep?" I asked.

"There's a hut there. You'll see."

"Food?"

"Yes, and a spirit lamp and all that. It's quite comfortable. I've spent a night there more than once."

"So nobody thought anything of it when he wasn't there at dinner?"

"Well, there was comment, naturally, but we were just a family party, and most of us knew what Uncle Henry was like."

"Then when did you get anxious—or didn't you?"

"He would have been back in the morning for a bath and what little breakfast he had; he always was. John, my cousin, and I went to look for him. We thought perhaps he'd been taken ill. John's there now, not that there was the slightest chance of anybody interfering with—with the body. Nobody ever goes there. It's complete sanctuary."

IF that was right, then it was a family job. So I'd better give you an idea of the family as I met them. Ambrose and John both had what I call actors' faces, though they weren't a bit alike. John Whyman was tall and dark and handsome with the sort of Irving face. You know what I mean? About thirty and a bit cynical-looking.

Ambrose Carter, a little older, had one of those round, blank comedian's faces which can take on any expression. D'you know the sort? Medium height. Might be fat one day.

He stopped the car and we walked a short way across the park to a wood. The lake in the middle of the wood—well, it was a large pond really, I suppose—was as lovely a thing as I've seen, and the trees—but we'll skip all that or I shall be all night talking.

John Whyman was sitting on a log, smoking a cigarette and he looked at his watch as we came up and said, "A whole darned hour," and Ambrose said, "Sorry, John; couldn't have been quicker; this is Inspector Wills."

He hadn't seen anybody or anything, of course, and I sent him off in the car with Sergeant Hussey, and told Hussey to wait at the house for the doctor and bring him back. And I wrote out a message for him to send, because I could see that we would want more help. And then Ambrose and I looked at the body.

"Fond of him?" I said.

"Enough not to kill him, do you mean?" he said, looking at me rather comical.

"I didn't mean that, sir, at all," I said. And it's true, I didn't.

"Sorry, Inspector. And the answer is that we got on very well together. I liked my job, but I can't say that I either liked or disliked him. He was a little—inhuman. More interested in birds than men, and had never had any great affection for anybody, I should say."

"I know the sort," I said.

Mr. Carter lay on his back. His head

and his right wrist were broken, as if he'd put his arm up to defend himself from the first blow, and been killed by the next.

It looked as if he'd been dead for some time.

"When was he last seen alive?" I asked.

"About half past nine yesterday morning," said Ambrose.

"Well, he wasn't alive more than two or three hours after that, I should say, but we'll know more when the doctor comes."

"Meanwhile, what about his watch, that ought to tell us something."

I bent down to look at his wrist. The watch had been badly smashed, but I could see the time. Eleven o'clock. Murder at eleven, I said to myself. Good title for a detective story.

"Hallo, that's funny," said Ambrose. "I could have sworn——" He stopped suddenly.

"What?" I asked.

"He wore his watch on his left wrist," he said, a little lamely. It sounded as if it wasn't what he'd been going to say.

"Where was it when you and Mr. Whyman first saw him?" I asked him.

"Where it is now, I suppose," he said, staring.

"You didn't notice particularly?"

"I noticed that his wrist and his watch were smashed, without paying much attention to it. Subconsciously I assumed it was his left wrist, as that's where you keep a watch. That's why I was surprised."

"You're certain that Mr. Carter did?"

"Absolutely. Look, you can see the strap-mark on his left wrist."

It's true, you could. I should have come to it in time, but he was quicker. Bird-watching.

HE walked round the body, and looked down from behind it. Then he laughed softly to himself.

"What's the joke, sir?"

"Well, well, well," he was saying. I went over to him and looked too. The watch was the wrong way round.

"You see what happened, Inspector? The murderer broke Uncle Henry's wrist before he managed to kill him. Then he changed the watch to the broken wrist, and broke it too. So now you know that the murder took place at precisely eleven o'clock. Which you wouldn't have known otherwise."

"Looks like it," I said.

"Like tying another man's tie for him. More difficult than you think. You're looking at the watch the other way round. What's right for you is wrong for him."

"What it comes to," I said slowly, "is that he wanted us to put the murder at his own chosen time." I wasn't going to be hurried.

"Right."

"Which means that it *didn't* take place at eleven."

"Right. Which means — what, Inspector?"

"Which means," I said, rather proud at seeing it, "that the murderer probably has an alibi for eleven."

"Probably?" he said, surprised like. "Certainly; or why alter the watch? Well, we know *something* about him."

"But that's all we do know. We don't know what time he hasn't got an alibi for. The time of the murder."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he said rather airily. You know what I mean—rather sure of himself.

The ground was dry and hard. No footprints or anything like that. I had a couple of men coming, and they could look for the weapon, but they wouldn't find it, because it was probably in the middle of the lake. As soon as the doctor came I wanted to get back to the house and ask a few questions. Meanwhile I might as well listen to Mr. Ambrose, if he fancied himself as Sherlock Holmes, because he seemed to have ideas, and good ones, too.

We sat down on a log together and smoked.

"Let's have it, sir," I said.

"Have what?"

"What you've got up your sleeve, about the time of the murder."

"Nothing up my sleeve, Inspector, I assure you. Your guess is as good as mine."

"I haven't started guessing yet," I said. "You go first."

"D'you mean it? Good!" He beamed at me. "First of all, what would you say the limits are, I mean from the condition of the body?"

"We shall have to wait for Dr. Hicks to tell us that. And he'll make 'em pretty wide. May be six hours or so."

"As much as that? Oh well, let's see what we can do. Now the first thing—Oh!"

He stopped suddenly, and looked uncomfortable.

"Yes, sir?" I said.

"I was forgetting. Of course, that's the first thing to be settled." He was talking to himself rather than to me, and I waited a little, and then said, "What is?"

"Where are you looking for your murderer, Inspector?"

"Haven't begun to look yet, sir."

"Inside the house or outside?"

"I shall want to see everybody inside, of course. And I daresay a lot of people outside, too. Any reason yourself, sir, for thinking it was one or the other?"

"The best of all reasons for thinking it was outside."

"You mean the best of all reasons for hoping it was outside?"

MR. AMBROSE laughed and said, "I suppose I do," and then to himself, "I suppose that's all I mean, dammit."

"I should like you to be frank with me," I said. "A murderer's a murderer, even if he's a relation."

"That's true." He threw his cigarette-end away, and lit another.

"I'll give you both sides," he said. "A tramp or trespasser, an outsider of some kind, comes whistling through the wood, knocking at the undergrowth with the stick he carries, making the hell of a row, and disturbing all the birds. My uncle rushes out at him furiously—as he certainly would—and asks him what the devil he thinks he's doing. There's a fight, the tramp hits him in self-defence, loses his head, and hits him again. Easy."

"Except for the watch," I said.

"Exactly, Inspector, you've got it. Except for the watch. In the first place, a tramp wouldn't think of it; in the second place, he's a long way to go for an alibi, and a tramp's alibi isn't much good anyway; and in the third place, he wouldn't dare to put the watch forward, in case the body was found before the false time was reached, or put it back in case Uncle Henry had been seen alive afterwards."

"Doesn't that apply to any murderer who fakes the time?" I asked.

"Yes. Except in special circumstances."

"And those are——?"

"That you know that the murdered man is going to remain in a certain place for a certain time, and, dead or alive, will be visited by nobody."

"Which was true in this case, and

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Head battered, wrist broken, watch on the wrong arm, he lay dead. The watch was interesting, very interesting

Before 1930, tunny fishing was unknown in British waters. Now Scarborough giants like this attract sporting fishermen from all over the world

Fish that's game for a fight

Big-game fishermen call the tunny "a streak of lightning in a hurry." Landing it is an all-in fight to the finish • *by LAWRENCE EARL*

SOME YEARS AGO a Mr. J. S. Preston, while deep-sea fishing with rod and reel off Scarborough, Yorkshire, felt a monstrous tug on his heavy big-game line.

"I think," he yelled, "I've got a whale!"

Surprisingly, he had. Later estimated as weighing between four and five tons, the gigantic sea mammal headed straight for the open North Sea, pulling behind it at a six-miles-an-hour clip the fisherman, oarsman and sixteen-foot rowboat.

For four agitated minutes it seemed a debatable point whether the fisherman had caught the whale—or the whale the fisherman. Then the line went limp, the rowboat slowed and the whale disappeared for ever.

Of course, fisherman Preston had not been so foolish as to *try* to catch a five-ton whale with hook and line from a tiny open boat. The game fish he was after was the tunny—the largest and liveliest to be found in British waters. But the incident does serve to prove the contention of all tunny fishermen from New Zealand to Scandinavia that their sport is packed with thrills and surprises rarely equalled in any other.

Despite this, and even though the huge fish—often described as "a streak of lightning in a hurry"—is to be found in relatively large numbers off Scarborough, few Britons have ever cast a baited five-inch hook over the side in search of it.

The numbers who do are strictly limited by the size of their bank accounts. A good tunny rod, for example, costs £23; a reel from £30 to £50. A line is £10, harness 45s. and wire trace and hook £2.

If A Fish Weighs...

Add the hire of a thirty-foot open coble for transport to the fishing grounds, plus rowboat and oarsman for the actual fishing—totalling about £10 a day—and it becomes apparent why the sport is so exclusive. It has been estimated by an incurable optimist that it "costs only 2s. a pound to catch a tunny," but he failed to add that the average fish weighs 500 pounds.

This brings the outlay for a single one up to £50, and explains why the total membership of the British Tunny Club last year numbered only fifty-three. Of these, six were women.

But before the war, and soaring taxes, Scarborough waters teemed with palatial private yachts loaded with parties of wealthy and well-to-do angling enthusiasts. Lord Moyne in the *Rosulka*, cotton millionaire Sir Edward Peel in his *St. George*, Francis Taylor in the *Meteor*—once owned by the late ex-Kaiser of Germany, Baron de Rothschild in his *Eros* and others of the international set came to try for the giant fish. They were not disappointed. The tunny provided thrills to whet the most jaded appetite.

Once, when Lord Moyne brought a party of friends to try for the big streamlined fish that moves with something like the speed and power of the Flying Scotsman, Vera Lady Broughton was a guest. Fishing parties then, as now, sailed to the tunny grounds in large craft but for the actual angling transferred to small rowboats.

This, Lady Broughton did. At the same time another *Rosulka* guest set out from the ship in a similar sixteen-footer. Simultaneously each hooked a fish.

It was dusk. The two tunny, dividing the ocean between them, set off in opposite directions. The yacht's skipper, forced to make a quick choice, followed the second rowboat. Lady Broughton, hard on to a fish of over 600 pounds, disappeared into the gathering night.

Later, in the darkness, the *Rosulka* zig-zagged in search of her. But with the dawn her small boat was nowhere in sight. Fourteen hours after she had first hooked the tunny, she was found. Amazingly, the fish was still on and battling with undiminished power—even after pulling the sixteen-foot boat at four miles an hour all night.

But Lady Broughton was exhausted. Regretfully she allowed Lord Moyne to

With the outlay on gear and hire of boats it costs £50 to catch a tunny fish. A good rod alone is worth £23

replace her behind the rod. He killed and landed the fish. Neither before nor since has such a lengthy battle been fought off Britain against a tunny.

The sport in British waters is less than a generation old, but the tunny himself has been known in various distant seas for a long time. The ancient Greeks caught the tunny, a giant member of the mackerel species, cooked him and smacked their lips over his delicate flavour. Mediterranean fishermen have found 2,000-pound monsters threshing in their nets.

Ten-pound Baby

At the age of one the tunny is a mere two feet long and, weighing only ten pounds, is comparatively a sardine. By the time he has chased herring, cod and other lesser fish at roaring speed and gobbled them down for ten years, he has filled out to a wide-shouldered seven feet in length and a respectable 320 pounds in weight.

Even then he has only begun to grow. But he has become fair game for the British sporting fisherman.

Although it had long been suspected that tunny—otherwise locally known along the east coast as askasis, baffers and lowping dogs—frequented British waters in large numbers, none had been caught on hook and line until one August day in 1930 when L. Mitchell-Henry startled the sporting world by landing a fish that weighed 560 pounds. Anglers rushed to Scarborough, which ever since has been recognized as our tunny fishing headquarters.

The first two or three seasons of the sport were not flashy successes. Kills were few. But in 1933 — the year Preston hooked his whale—more than a hundred tunny were brought to port.

This exciting news echoed in such far distant tunny hot-spots as Nova Scotia, the Bahamas and California. When, on September 11, late in the season, Mitchell-Henry again hit the jackpot by hooking, battling and landing an 851-pound giant, cables of congratulation poured into Scarborough from enthusiasts throughout the world.

It was the largest tunny ever taken on sporting tackle in any of the seven seas. This world's record stood for years, but today's figure, for a fish caught off Massachusetts in the United States, is 972 pounds.

This does not mean the sport is fading in Britain. Fishermen have come to Scarborough from Ceylon to try for tunny and S. Kip Farrington, famous American big-game fisherman and author, has tried his luck there. This summer, sportsmen are coming from as far as Australia to do battle with Scarborough tunny.

But it was a British fisherman, Saville Cohen, a London solicitor, who summed up Scarborough's virtues as a tunny-fishing centre.

At two o'clock one morning the summer before last he left Scarborough harbour for deeper water. Five and a half hours later he returned with a 677-pound fish. To reporters who met him at the dockside, he said: "Why chase tunny in America when you can get them here before breakfast?"

Tunny fans are unanimous in their praise of the mighty fish they try to catch on a rod which must be not less than six feet six inches in length. "Take 700 pounds of streamlined power," an American enthusiast has said, "dose generously with a hurricane motor at full throttle, tie it to the end of your line, and that's it!"

British anglers nod in agreement and add that there is no more exciting suspense than that felt by a fisherman sitting in a small open boat waiting for a big fish to rush the bait.

The tunny doesn't always co-operate and weeks sometimes go by without a bite. But it is not unknown to have a voraciously hungry fish rush alongside the tiny boat, grab a baited mackerel or herring as it hangs over the side, and roar off to the protesting whine of the big reel.

Following The Nets

The great fish are usually found around herring boats or trawlers, cannily awaiting the moment when the nets are hauled in. Then they rush for the small fry that fall out of the nets into the sea. When the waiting angler spots an angry-looking boil on top of the water he climbs into his rowboat, fastens his rod into a swivel socket and drops his baited hook over the side, having first set the brake on his reel to about thirty pounds resistance.

Once when Frank Watkinson, secretary of the British Tunny Club, and the late H. J. Hardy rowed in between two trawlers to take advantage of the haul, they barely escaped with their lives. When the net appeared above water, it contained a large, barnacle-covered mine as well as a fat catch of frantically flopping fish.

The too-great weight broke the bag of the trawl and into the sea went mine, cod, plaice and other fish. In a split second the small area of sea between the two trawlers exploded—but it was not the mine going off.

"There must have been forty tunny roughing up the water," Watkinson relates. "They could have tipped our boat easy as pie. We rowed away just in the nick of time, not even waiting to try to catch one."

As soon as one of the big fish strikes, slapping the angler's webbed harness against his back with a force felt down to his toes, he rushes off, while the reel sings its song of lost line to the tune of 200 yards or more. The tunny then stops and steadies as if to think how best to outwit the fisherman.

Frontal Attack

He may decide on anything. He rarely jumps, but you can't count on his not doing so. He has been known to sweep under the nearby trawler and cut the line on her keel, to head straight back towards the rowboat and angler at terrifying speed, to dive down, down, down into the watery depths.

Whatever the tunny's tactics, it is the job of the man at the rod to recover as much line as possible. After a while the big fish will start a seemingly endless series of short, powerful rushes. First one way, then another, he tries frantically to free himself of the nagging five-inch hook.

The angler pumps his rod up and down to retrieve the line he has lost. Built for speed and streamlined by nature, the tunny has other ideas.

After a while, the fisherman, now over his first roaring sense of excitement, settles down to the sheer hard work of winning his battle. He often doesn't succeed. One British Tunny Club member lost thirteen fish in a single day. And the longer the fight the less the angler's chance of raising the blue victory pennant, for constant pressure on the hook keeps loosening it in the tunny's jaw.

This giant-sized mackerel is not only strong and fast; he has a fighting heart as well. He doesn't give up until he is dead or close to it. The fisherman by this time is more often than not completely exhausted, which is why the sport is not recommended to the weak or ailing.

Colourful Fish

Fresh out of the water, the tunny is a beautiful fish. A perfect tear-drop in design, his back is olive-green striped with black. Underneath he is steel-blue, shading to near-white.

His multiple finlets running from dorsal fin to tail are orange, red and yellow shading off to white. Though he is quite dead, these flicker and quiver for about an hour after the tunny is gaffed.

The landing of a 600-pound tunny is undoubtedly a great thrill, but it is also hard work. Often a fish will dive for the bottom just before the tremendous fight he has fought drains the last bit of life from him. Then the repetitive pumping of the rod, winding of the reel, pumping of the rod and winding of the reel is backbreaking labour.

This doesn't seem to discourage the real enthusiast from trying for another. On the first day of September, 1938, Captain C. H. Frisby, V.C., landed tunny one after another until he had a grand total of five fish weighing 2,812 pounds in all, a record seldom tied and never broken.

They, too, were caught off Scarborough, which helps explain the enthusiasm of club secretary Frank Watkinson.

"When a new world's record tunny is caught," Frank declares, "it won't be taken off the shores of Nova Scotia or the United States, but off Scarborough!"

And when the season here begins about the first of August, a 1,000-pound sea-giant may just be waiting for the hook.

DREAMS AND MR. SORBY

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

It was the same dream every time. They were walking in the square, and then they came to the two taxis. But which one did he take, the red one or the blue?

She turned at the doorway, framed by the light in the next room. "Remember," she said. "The red one"

"DREAMS," SAID MR. SORBY, as he poured himself a glass of port and laughed his fat, jolly Yorkshire laugh; "dreams are nothing but indigestion."

"You had one yourself last night," said his wife with the faintest hint of asperity in her voice.

Mr. Triggs look at his host and hostess across the polished table. "What did you dream then, Sam?" he asked mildly.

Mr. Triggs was Mr. Sorby's junior partner and a great admirer of Mr. Sorby's wife, whom he thought a very distinguished woman. Milly Sorby was hardly distinguished; but when she wasn't flustered and had time to strike the right pose her slim, melancholy person could assume a certain genteel and faded dignity. It was the dignity of martyrdom, for she had married beneath her.

With people she knew very well she was wont to describe Sam Sorby as her "social inferior." But to Mr. Triggs she was all that was sweet, and generous, and womanly. He was a bachelor himself, but if he ever married he would choose, he felt, a woman like Mrs. Sorby.

And she was mysterious — with her long black dresses and her interest in the occult, her familiarity with that world of palmists and astrologers and people who made tables fly through the air; that twilight world which made Mr. Sorby roar with contempt.

He roared now, at Mr. Triggs's innocent reference to his dream.

"Sam's had it eight times running," said his wife.

"A repeating dream?" asked Mr. Triggs.

"A *recurring* dream is the right term, Mr. Triggs," Mrs. Sorby corrected gently.

"Repeating, recurring, call it what you like, it's still right daft," insisted Mr. Sorby, taking another sip at his port.

"Everything that occurs in the unconscious has a meaning," said Mrs. Sorby solemnly, "and we ignore the message at our peril."

"All my eye and Betty Martin," said Mr. Sorby. "Stuff to frighten kids with."

"Tell him, Sam. Tell him the dream; you should remember it by this time. Especially as it's always the same in every detail. That's a feature of truly recurring dreams, Mr. Triggs, they never vary. Never, never, never," she added with emphasis.

"Oh, for the love of Mike, Milly, cut it out," snapped Mr. Sorby.

MR. TRIGGS looked at his host with surprise. Mr. Sorby seemed to be quite upset. Mr. Triggs would have said that he was nervous, if the word could apply to such a sanguine, monumental man. Secretly, Mr. Triggs was rather pleased to see this sign of weakness.

Mr. Sorby's imperturbable and confident bluster had always slightly intimidated him. Mr. Sorby was such a large and decisive character; so seldom in doubt, so eternally rash. It would have been less than human not to feel a little satisfaction, and Mr. Triggs looked with gratitude towards Mrs. Sorby, whose odd persistence in this matter of the dream appeared to be the cause of her husband's irritation.

Mrs. Sorby, sitting up very straight, was crumbling bread in her long, refined fingers. Once more Mr. Triggs was struck by her distinction. She was a credit to any man, he thought; and for the first time in his long and loyal partnership with Mr. Sorby he felt a twinge of envy.

"Besides," she said, "Mr. Triggs has a right to know what happens. It may be very useful to him sometime."

"It's daft," said Mr. Sorby again.

Feeling Mrs. Sorby securely on his side,

Mr. Triggs said heartily: "Well, Sam, if the thing's as daft as all that what's the harm in telling it?" and was rewarded by an encouraging nod from his hostess.

"There's no harm nor sense in it," said her husband, "it's just a silly dream that Milly's making a business of." He reached for the decanter.

"Sam first had the dream about the sixteenth of January," she began. "Since then he's dreamt it eight times. It's a very simple dream, Mr. Triggs; that is what makes it so intriguing, that's what gives it its charm."

Mr. Sorby tried to laugh derisively at that, but in some way the sound was unconvincing. His wife seemed not to notice it; in fact, to his great pleasure, she now talked entirely to Mr. Triggs.

"I believe you and Sam frequently go for a walk in the summer, after you've finished work, in the evenings?"

"In the spring, too, if it's fine."

"Yes, in the spring, too, quite so. You send the cars home and walk about the streets till you're tired."

"That's right," said Mr. Triggs, "we get a little exercise."

"And when you've had enough, you each take a taxi home from wherever you find yourself at the moment?"

Mr. Triggs, who was wondering where all this was leading, nearly said that the place was usually the bar of a hotel; but something in the precision of Mrs. Sorby's manner made him reflect that such a joke would be out of place.

"Well," she went on in her level voice, "that's what happens in Sam's dream."

"That's not very exciting," said Mr. Triggs as heartily as he could, "can't you do better than that, Sam?"

"I told you it was daft," said Mr. Sorby.

"Oh, but it isn't finished. The interesting part begins now. The detailed part, the part that Sam remembers so well, and which you must remember, too. I want you to pay particular attention to this, Mr. Triggs," and as she said this she looked at him so intensely, and with such a queer, confiding little smile on her lips, that Mr. Triggs felt again that he was being coerced into a rôle, a duty almost, the precise nature of which escaped him.

"Well," she continued, "in the dream you and Sam find yourselves in a certain square. Neither of you know where it is. You've just wandered into it, you haven't been noticing the streets. The season must be spring, because the leaves are just coming on the trees. That's right, isn't it, Sam?"

But Mr. Sorby appeared not to have heard. He had lit a cigar and was watching the blue smoke in the light.

"You are standing on the pavement, you and Sam, and you tell each other that it is time to go home. You're standing against the railings of a garden that's in the middle of the square."

"There's a bell ringing somewhere," said Mr. Sorby, in a flat, detached voice.

"Yes," his wife said softly, "you can hear the sound of a bell. Then you start walking round the garden till you come to the other side of the square. And there are two taxis standing on the rank. Isn't that right, Sam?" asked Mrs. Sorby, keeping her eyes on Mr. Triggs, and without the smallest inflexion in her voice.

Mr. Triggs felt that she was talking for his benefit alone. He had a curious sense of collaboration, almost of complicity with her. They might have been whispering together! And this illusion was so strong that he found himself leaning forward, watching her lips.

As for Mr. Sorby, he sat with his elbows on the table and his head cupped in his hands. The smoke of the cigar swayed round him. He seemed to Mr. Triggs to be a long distance away and

out of earshot. He seemed, as it were, to exist in another element of time.

"One taxi is red, Mr. Triggs, and the other is blue. Sam gets into the red one and drives away."

"No, Milly," said Mr. Sorby in a puzzled way, "it's the other one I take, the blue cab."

"No, dear, it's the red one. You always make that mistake. You remember the dream perfectly till you get to that point and then you go wrong."

"I'm sure it's blue," Mr. Sorby insisted in a strangely humble voice.

His wife smiled at Mr. Triggs. "Sam gets confused, you see. That often happens in these recurring dreams. People remember every detail but the most important. It's the red cab that Sam takes in his dream. You'll remember that, won't you? It's vital, Mr. Triggs. Vital for us all."

As if waking from sleep Mr. Sorby came to life. "Red or blue," he said loudly, "the whole thing's crazy. Here, Joe, have some port. Milly gets me thinking about this gormless dream till I don't know where I am."

He slopped some wine into a glass and held it out with what Mr. Triggs thought was anything but a steady hand.

Mrs. Sorby rose. "I'll leave you two now. I expect you want to talk business. And remember, Mr. Triggs, it's the red taxi that Sam takes. The red one." And as she left she turned to smile at him. The lights of the room beyond framed her in the door. Looking at her, Mr. Triggs realized that he would find it difficult to refuse anything she might ask him. And with that thought came the knowledge that she had asked him something already.

When, later, Mr. Triggs reviewed the whole strange affair, he thought he could date Mr. Sorby's decline from that wretched dinner party. Because, morally and physically, that large, confident, seemingly imperishable man began to wither like a tree!

He started drinking more than usual, and his flair for business, so sure hitherto, deserted him. He was late for appointments; weak at board meetings; reluctant to travel. Work, in which he had always revelled, became a painful duty, and he delegated more and more responsibility to Mr. Triggs.

"I don't know what's up with me, Joe," he said finally, "it's like I've lost all interest in everything. Nothing seems to make sense any more."

Mr. Triggs took him to see a specialist who recommended rest and distraction. The diagnosis was "nerves."

The Sorbys went to Torquay. It was in March. High winds brought the waves lashing against the promenade, and low, wet clouds moved restlessly over a gloomy sea. Mr. Sorby sat in the lounge of his hotel and listened to the screaming of the gulls; or spent long hours in the bar, drinking rhythmically. Mrs. Sorby, by contrast, enjoyed herself thoroughly. She went for walks on the headland, joined a bridge club, and attended local spiritualist meetings.

"There's a very good class of people here," she remarked one day, "a very refined class of people indeed."

"I think they're a sticky lot, myself," said Mr. Sorby, "a right stuck-up crowd."

"But you and I have never seen eye to eye about others, have we, Sam?" she answered gently. The racing March weather was doing her good; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes had a sparkle.

After a fortnight they returned to London. Spring was already in the air; small flowers brightened the grass verges of the Great North Road, and on the trees the leaf buds tightened slowly. But Mr. Sorby took no pleasure in the spring. The lengthening days seemed only to aggravate his wretchedness; his spirits dropped with the rising sap, and Mr. Triggs became deeply concerned. So concerned, in fact, that he decided to tackle Mr. Sorby squarely.

Mr. Sorby was heavily evasive until the obvious good will of his partner induced him to speak out. "It's this damned dream, Joe," he admitted rather shamefacedly, "I'm having it practically every night."

"But you always held that that was all nonsense, Sam."

"It *is* all nonsense, Joe. I still think that, but Milly's got me into such a state that I don't know whether to believe in the daft thing or not." It was quite embarrassing for Mr. Triggs to see this big, confident man turn his head away in perplexity. "Milly says it's going to happen," Mr. Sorby went on, "and, Joe, well—I wish it would happen, or go away altogether. Then I could have some peace."

Mr. Triggs thought it best to humour him. "If that's the way you feel, let's hope that it'll happen soon and we'll get the whole thing over."

Mr. Sorby looked at him miserably. "I'm frightened, Joe." And that was so obviously true that Mr. Triggs went off half hoping that the dream would happen after all, and half convinced that it would.

It happened three weeks later.

Mr. Sorby had been rather better than of late. The dream had faltered in its frequency; in fact, he had not dreamt it for several days; and some of his natural ebullience began to reassert itself.

"I'm ashamed of myself, Joe," he said, "I behaved like a kid. There was something wrong with me. Too much drink and Camembert cheese, I reckon," and his old, ripe laugh came out again. "That, and Milly getting at me with her spooky talk of prophecies and warnings and things. That gormless stuff!"

He laughed richly and rattled his stick against the railings that enclosed the little garden in the square.

They had been walking through the empty streets. It was a fine spring evening with a fresh breeze that stirred the small green leaves on the plane trees, and drove fleecy clouds high across a pale blue sky. It brought sounds clearly from a distance and Mr. Triggs heard a bell ringing far away.

"Time to be getting back," said Mr. Sorby, and at that moment they turned the corner of the garden and saw the two taxis standing at the kerb.

Mr. Sorby stood still and drew a hand across his eyes. "Joe, this is it," he said, and went confidently towards the nearest of the cabs.

Mr. Triggs looked at it and something started tapping on his memory. "Not that one, Sam," he heard himself calling in a voice that sounded strange in his ears, and the next instant he was at Mr. Sorby's side, pushing him towards the farther car.

"It's the blue one," insisted Mr. Sorby; but Mr. Triggs held him with one arm and with the other started wrenching at the door.

"I can't remember," said Mr. Sorby hoarsely, as the driver stared at them in amazement.

"You're all right, Sam," Mr. Triggs said in his funny voice, "it's this one you must take." He shouted the address at the driver; Mr. Sorby fell back on the seat, and the taxi moved away. Mr. Triggs saw the red, flustered, open-mouthed face at the window, and the hand trying to open the door; then the taxi was past him and the garden hid it from view.

Inside, Mr. Sorby was beating frantically at the panel. The driver turned his head. Neither saw the lorry that swept round the corner into the square and which hit them, and carried them over the pavement, and crashed them against the railings with a sound of buckling metal and splintering wood.

In the ambulance Mr. Sorby regained consciousness for a moment. "It was the wrong cab, wasn't it, Joe?" he whispered, as Mr. Triggs bent over him. "I got into the wrong cab." Then his head lolled back on the stretcher.

When Mr. Triggs told Mrs. Sorby about the accident she heard him in silence, her head bent down. She was wearing one of her long black robes, and sat in a high-backed chair under a yellow light. The dark stuff of her dress set off her bony, slender-knuckled hands. It was one of her "distinguished" moments.

As Mr. Triggs recited the words her husband had spoken in the ambulance—the last words he had ever spoken—Mrs. Sorby looked up and gave him one of her calmest smiles.

But this time the magic failed to work. Mr. Triggs saw no distinction in that face. He thought it was the ugliest, most terrible thing he had ever seen. And he realized with horror that he was involved in her for ever.

Jack-of-all-shows

by DAVID MILLS

Jack Hylton mystifies people in show business. Why, for instance, bother about classical concerts when you've made good in jazz and big-time management?

"THIS PLAY IS *not* about Jack Hylton." That, it is said, was the placard seen outside a London theatre just before the war. The piece was about an American boxer. It was called *Golden Boy*.

The story, of course, is apocryphal, but only Jack Hylton could have inspired it. He is the authentic hero of the "local-lad-makes-good" story, the man who hoisted his name in lights and has kept it there longer than any other showman of his time.

"The trouble with Hylton," said a rival impresario, "is that he fails to fail. He doesn't seem subject to the ordinary risks of the profession."

But Hylton has taken what seemed wilder and more rococo risks than any of his rivals. Others have had as much money as he, and sometimes bigger stars. What they lacked was Hylton's genius for flaring public taste.

When the London Philharmonic Orchestra was blitzed out of the Queen's Hall early in the war, it seemed that it would never play again. Hylton thought otherwise. "Everyone laughed at me," he says. "A jazz band leader running the Philharmonic. It just wasn't done."

Lunch With Sargent

Hylton did it. He rang up the orchestra; it was sceptical. He asked Malcolm Sargent to lunch; Sargent was enthusiastic. A few weeks later, the London Philharmonic started a provincial tour at Manchester, and what had appeared a madcap scheme was an assured financial and cultural success.

Hylton's gift of judging the wind of popular entertainment took its most dramatic form one day after the first World War when he heard a Paul Whiteman recording from America. Hylton was relief pianist in a small dance band at the Queen's Hall Roof night club in those days.

"That record made me think," he says. "Whiteman's boys were not ad-libbing. Their music was arranged. I thought we could make our stuff sound something like that." Hylton wrote the arrangements for a tune called "Ilo." It was a success.

Soon the band, "directed by J. Hylton," was making discs for His Master's Voice, and in a short time J. Hylton had his own band playing his own arrangements at the Piccadilly Hotel and the Kit Kat Club. By 1929 it was the best-known combination in the world.

Now, as head of Jack Hylton, Limited, he has 500 on his payroll and the lease of four London theatres.

Hylton was born in Bolton in 1892. His father was a cotton worker who gave up his job to take a public house. Hylton senior had a good voice with which he entertained his customers. His son accompanied him.

They sang songs like "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey" and "Put Me Among the Girls." In between thumping out "Bill Bailey," Jack took real lessons at the Clarion Club, and was soon good enough to play the piano and sing for a concert party at Rhyl. But young Hylton already had his eyes on London.

Played The Organ

His first job there was as cinema organist in Stoke Newington, but as soon as he could, Hylton became a pianist in a night club.

Jack felt he was really beginning to get the jobs he wanted when the first World War broke out. He went back to concert parties and helped to run the E.N.S.A. of those days. When the Armistice came, he was back where he had been five years before.

"Just about then I met another Lancashire man. He was a comedian, and we toured the halls as 'Two Entertainers and a Piano.' Later we threw off the disguise and appeared at the Strand Corner House as Hylton and Handley. One night I heard someone say, 'The little red bloke's no good, but the other one makes me laugh.'"

Shortly afterwards "the little red bloke" joined the Queen's Hall Roof band and had the inspiration that was to make his name.

Hylton's handling of his famous band was revolutionary. He saw the possibilities of a dance band as an entertainment in itself. His men could sing and tap-dance; they were suave, abandoned, corny and sophisticated in turn. He engaged crooners and lighting experts; he gave his orchestra personality.

For nearly nine years Hylton rode his success without the smallest sign of coming unstuck.

He became a sort of musical Marco Polo. The Russians asked him to perform; the Emperor Bao Dai made him honorary musical director to the Court of Annam; the Americans gave him £1,400 for a broadcast and the French gave him the Légion d'Honneur; in Italy he was put in jail for burlesqueing Mussolini. Through it all Hylton kept his head, his money and his Bolton accent.

At exactly the right moment he jumped off the band wagon and went into management. Not that his bands were less popular, but he saw that the pitch was becoming overcrowded.

Jack Hylton. The French decorated him; the Italians put him in jail

Hylton was one of the first to see the possibilities of taking the radio shows on tour. *Garrison Theatre* and *Band Wagon* were box office record breakers under his management. He brought the Crazy Gang *Together Again* at the Victoria Palace. "That lot is played out," others warned him. Hylton followed his hunch and the show has been running for three years.

Gigli's Manager

As impresario, Hylton went for the biggest pickings. He became world manager for Gigli, still the greatest draw among operatic tenors; and it was his sense of the feasible grandiose that brought eleven-year-old Gamba to conduct a symphony orchestra before 10,000 people in Harringay Arena.

Hylton's ideas are like his cigars: big, good and beautifully inflammable. "I think the London theatre lacks blood and guts," he says. "There's too much *soufflé* about it, too many trivial comedies. I'd like to do the Puccini operas in slap-up style in some great arena like Olympia. I'd like to take *Aïda* to Harringay and film the opera of *Otello* in Venice."

The operations room of the Hylton empire is an undistinguished office in His Majesty's Theatre. No "darlings" and "old boys" pepper the air when Hylton holds a conference. He is a quiet, accessible man who manages men and affairs with the minimum of gesture and gusto.

And he enjoys practical jokes. Once, as he slept in the director's chair on a film set, his rubber shoes were nailed to the floor by Chesney Allen. Leaping awake at a yell from the clapper boy, Hylton went flat on his face.

That is the sort of knockabout vitality he understands. Unlike some others to whom the theatre has brought fortune and fame, Hylton has never forgotten its ways.

Whether he is with his family in his Mayfair house, running his empire or gagging with the Crazy Gang, Hylton is still the shrewd, tough but unassuming person who saw the international neon lights from the back streets of Bolton.

When it's father's turn to be mother

by JOHN MAY

With Mother away on a fortnight's holiday and Father in charge of the house anything can happen. And usually does when there's four strapping children to help him run it

Changing the baby was an akin to reefing the mainsa

CARELESS TALK landed me in this, helped by the kind of unlucky coincidence that "perfect" murderers swing for.

My wife was letting off steam to a familiar tune. "The trouble about housework is that it's a life sentence. When you're a girl, unmarried, you can change your job. But when you're a housewife, there's no way out."

I remarked soothingly that she needed a holiday.

Given the smallest hint of the letter that the postman was bringing to the door at that moment, I might have kept my big mouth shut. It was from a young friend of the family. Husband away in the Navy, mother not well, the girl needed company till her baby came.

"Of course, I can't go," said my wife.

"Why not?" I asked. "The boys don't go back for a fortnight. I'll look after them. It will be a holiday for all of us."

Even now I don't know what made me say it. I remember the startled look on my wife's face, and her quick recovery. As a writer who works at home, I was a sitting target. There was no boss to say I could not have the time off. My wife said that she would never think of leaving our children—except with me.

She went. For two indelible weeks I became one of Britain's few practising male housekeepers.

"Mothering" my brood of four boys, aged over thirteen years to under twelve months, wringing water out of napkins and offal out of the butcher, I developed wiles I never suspected in myself and muscles I had not used since I gave up farm work—plus a new admiration for womankind.

Housekeeping calls for stamina, industriousness, intelligence, cunning, powers of organization and an intuitive financial faculty as keen as a bookmaker's. It uses as many skills as a man would need for five different trades. It can be boring, satisfying, exciting—or killing.

What it does to you in a day is something like what an all-in wrestler would do to a ballet dancer. Everything is happening all the time from a dozen different directions. Other jobs may be just as tough at times, but this is the only one in the civilized world that is run on an endurance basis of sixteen hours a day, seven days a week.

Baby Joins Dawn Chorus

From that awful moment in the morning when the baby joins the dawn chorus of birdsong (we live in the country) to the near-midnight when you drop into exhausted slumber—troubled that there may not be enough milk left to go with the breakfast cereal—there is no let-up. You have to steal time to sneeze, and selfishly neglect your children in order to snatch fragments of food.

A friend visited me towards the middle of my first week. He accepted one of the small cakes I had whipped up and a cup of coffee as a matter of course. He was amused and facetious, but not surprised at my successful efforts. It only proved what every man suspects: that housekeeping is child's play.

He was irritated after a time at having to follow from room to room to chat. I had not finished my coffee with him. There was not time to stop. When he left he said: "You haven't been out on the binge, have you, John? You look pretty rough."

It suddenly dawned on me that I had not shaved since the morning that letter came. I remembered warnings to housewives: "Never grow careless about your appearance." I was house-frowsty.

There was never time to shave in the morning. I took to doing it last thing at night. It soothed house-frayed nerves and allowed me to take a whiff of male self-respect to bed with me.

One haunting fear was that some female relative should call. I knew that it would be almost impossibl to fend off well-meaning but officious interference. I could imagine the patronizing laughter at my methods, and the infuriating pity. The least I could expect would be having to smile at: "Mind you don't poison them all!"

The kids did not complain. From the moment when the eldest, Rodney, stuck a notice into a steamed pudding—PA'S FIRST PUD—to the time when the baby, Jonathan, took a long pull at a bottle of tomato sauce, they thrived. Garry, eleven, always something of a family sergeant-major, worked out a mealtime slogan of "Like it or leave it, but *no grousing*." Richard, six, sometimes needed restraining in his loyal attempts to back up Dad's cooking by tackling man-size portions.

I was fascinated and at first frightened by baby Jonathan's remorseless intake. "Stoking" him—the only word for it—left little time to eat my own meals. The signal to stop, which I learned to anticipate, was when he ecstatically "rasp berried" the last spoonful in all direc tions.

Breakfast was pretty well standardized: fruit with cereal and hot milk, fried egg on fried bread, marmalade to finish. The milk was heated in an enamel jug. The eggs were turned over so that the yolks were not runny. Plates were wiped with bread. It all eased washing up.

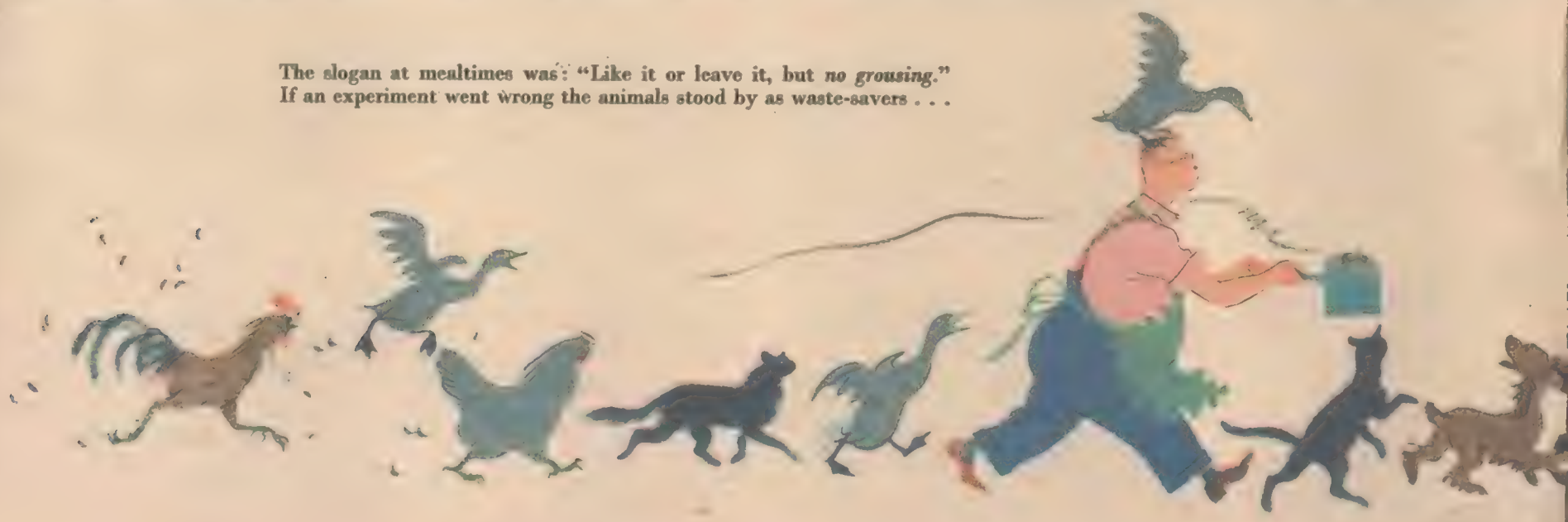
Man's Way To Keep Meat

Once we fried bits of apple to go with bacon that was too salt. And one mad morning the boys suggested pancakes and jam for breakfast, and I tossed them till my arm ached.

As soon as the butcher brought the meat, I solved all cooking and "will-it-keep?" problems by a primitive method. Whetting the carving knife razor-sharp (why do women work with such blunt tools?) I cut the joint into small pieces, covered it with water, and simmered it daily in a saucepan on the kitchen range.

Dinner was always served in soup

The slogan at mealtimes was: "Like it or leave it, but *no grousing*." If an experiment went wrong the animals stood by as waste-savers . . .



DECORATIONS BY RICHARD O. ROSE

tricate process
in a gale . . .

Sometimes the boys would wake me much too early with a cup of painstaking tea. And I had to appear grateful . . .

plates: mashed potatoes, with carrots, leeks, beetroot or cabbage, and a spoon-out of hot boiled meat pieces. After a day or two I had an inspiration and put an onion and some meat extract in it.

For a sweet, baked chocolate pudding made in a shallow dish, and eaten with custard sweetened with black treacle, was a favourite. When I could save any, it came up again cold at teatime as chocolate cake.

The high point of my culinary career came three days from the end when Richard had a birthday. I made him a five-pound plum cake, losing a like amount off my own weight worrying whether it would burn or—if I peeped in the oven too soon—if it would sink and be "sad" in the middle. To crown all, I iced it, achieving a finish known to builders as "rough cast."

Asserting his proprietary rights, Richard started solo on a half-pound slice twenty minutes before tea. As a Mother-isn't-here treat, the other boys were allowed to cut their own pieces. A small wedge the size of a cheese ration survived the meal, but nothing else was eaten for tea that day.

Shop Cake's "Cheating"

The kids came to look upon shop cake or anything from tins as "cheating." They were adventurous eaters, and the ducks and chickens, dog and two cats stood behind me as waste-savers if any experiment went wrong.

The ducks especially responded liberally with eggs. Hard-boiled in batches of six, these became a kind of basic protein. After triple helpings of everything, Rodney would sometimes look up eagerly and ask: "Is there a H.B.E.?"

All sorts of men will tell you that they can cook. What they usually mean is that they can fuss through some favourite fancy, such as a mushroom omelette.

I learned early that *real* cooking is starting late with inadequate raw materials and a blank mind, and creating a meal that comes to the table hot, but not too hot to eat, at the right time. Simple juggling with, say, five billiard balls and two watering cans has nothing on this daily conjuring.

I clung desperately to a rigid time-table for meals so as to give an orderly shape to the day: breakfast at eight, drink at eleven, dinner at one, tea at five, supper at seven. If once we slipped I knew we would be over the precipice into savagery.

Meal zero-hours made shopping a nightmare obstacle race. I found myself unscrupulously trying to woo favours from women assistants and jolly the men on a frantically hearty man-to-man basis.

Why Women Queue

Incidentally, I am certain now that women *like* queuing. I discovered a spontaneous social organization I came to call the Fish Queue Club. It provides women shoppers with a rest from both housework and shopping, and as they can persuade themselves that it is a duty to queue, they chat away with a clear conscience. I don't blame them; I admire them for the fact that they have the strength left to stand, let alone talk.

After the first few days of housekeeping I began to feel like a worn-out dish-rag. The soles of my feet felt bruised, my ankles swelled, and my back ached from working at sink and table which were always the wrong height. I squeezed grim satisfaction from the fact that the top button of my trousers was no longer so tight.

When you're a housekeeper you awake with the joyous anticipation of a condemned criminal on execution morning. You're already in debt to the day (and you *never* catch up) because the children are up and waiting for the breakfast you have not yet prepared.

Sometimes they zealously wake you with a cup of painstaking tea rather too soon, robbing you of twenty or thirty minutes of blessed oblivion. And you have to appear grateful.

On particularly ill-tempered mornings my reply was: "Have you washed yet?" With boys this is nearly always a winner, though privately they seem to think it unfair tactics.

After a while I cheated over the napkins and persuaded a local "daily woman" to come in and wash them. But the baby always needed changing—an intricate process akin to reefing the mainsail in a gale—and said so in a town crier's voice.

Breakfast done, the problems began to pile up like skaters when someone falls down at the ice rink. The animals and fowls to feed, washing up, sweeping, beds, shopping, and the normal demands of the children were the routine. But besides being housekeeper I was still a father. When I was up to my armpits in pastry, Rodney would want worms to go fishing, Garry his cricket bat mended, Richard water to make mud pies.

The job was always being interrupted by frantic emergencies. Baby Jonathan would bite off a piece of pram strap and prepare to swallow it. Someone would skin his knees. The dog would decide that a duck was drowning and retrieve it from the pond by the neck.

As the clock hands spun round the pace increased until, just before dinner, my mind and stomach were whirling like paper windmills in a storm. This was the hectic half-hour when custard went lumpy, fingers were burnt, and hot liquids cracked cold dishes.

There was a theory that I would be able to write in the calm of the afternoons. Once or twice I succeeded in typing five or six lines before distractedly hurling the crumpled sheet to the floor. It was impossible to focus thought with so much chaotic reality around me.

With two-thirds of my sentence still to run, I began to think I could not last out. There were three possibilities: jump in the pond, send my wife an S O S telegram or change my methods.

All Hands To The Chores

The boys had offered to help, but so far I had shooed them out, convinced that I could get on better alone. Now I turned the house into a kids' camp where every youngster took his turn at the chores. They made their own beds, set the table, washed up, swept floors, fed the animals, collected eggs, chopped wood, cleaned windows.

I cut out the normal barrage of "don'ts" and substituted "Get on with it." The place hummed with happy activity in the mornings, with "wages" the spur. Afternoons the kids were glad to be about their own games, or up at the village shop buying sweets and bottles of highly coloured drink with their earnings.

I made a rule: "Never stop anybody who wants to do something useful." First result was that young Richard, who wanted to pick flowers for the house, cleared the whole garden of every available bloom and staggered in with a bunch large enough to fill two pails.

Given sensible encouragement and jobs they can manage, children love to work. Too much fuss is made nowadays of keeping them as passenger-citizens too long. I found my sons were the best workmates in the world. And how they enjoyed my mistakes!

But if children sometimes have too little work to do, it is plain to me that housewives have far too much. With house-help an old-time legend, and labour-saving kitchens a modernistic fairy tale, the woman in many homes has the harder job.

The Cupboard Was Bare

I know that I got by on my fortnight's trial. But I depleted household stocks of food, exceeded the housekeeping allowance, and knew that my wife would soon return to clear up the mess I'd made. I was not more happy to see her on our wedding morning than on the day she came back.

Housekeeping would not be such a soul-eroding job if you knew that you'd be regularly relieved. A seven-day week is too much. The housewife's week should be six days at the very most, preferably five or five and a half. Husbands who work a normal "week" should take over the cooking for Saturday or Sunday, and at regular times look after the children.

Some husbands, I know, already do this. Some would not think of it, and some wives would not hear of it. I regard my fortnight as a "season ticket" which lets me off weekend housework duties at least for the coming three months.

Let me add privately to the men that the profit need not be all to the wives. Women are always telling us how hard they have to work in the house. There is no adequate answer. But the male weekend housekeeper with a potato-peeler in his hand is armed to defend his conscience.

"Yes, dear," he will say. "I know. I've had some myself!"

"Do you realize this would have been his sixth this morning if I hadn't been taking them away from him?"

MURDER AT ELEVEN

Continued from page 10

which everybody in the house knew?"

"Yes," he said, rather reluctantly.

"And, I suppose, the outside men, gardeners and gamekeepers and so on—they would know, too?"

"That's true," he said, brightening up. "Oh, well, then, just as a bit of theorizing, here you are. If you murdered a man at three, and were altering his watch to two or four, which would you choose."

"Which would you, sir?" I asked.

"Two o'clock, obviously."

"I don't see the obviously."

"Well, if I make it two o'clock, it's because I've already got an alibi for two. But if I make it four, it's because I hope to get an alibi for four; and I can't be absolutely certain that I shall. Something might go wrong. I might be with somebody then, but his memory might be bad, or he mightn't have a watch, or he might be a notorious liar. The other way I have made certain of a perfect alibi first, and I put *back* the watch to a time when I can prove I was elsewhere. Even if it is an unplanned murder, there's such a time somewhere."

Well, that was true enough. Perhaps I should have thought of it, perhaps I shouldn't, I don't know.

"All right then," he went on. "The murder took place *after* eleven. How long after? If it were very soon after he couldn't have an alibi for eleven which was watertight. He's got to allow a margin for watches being wrong, and another for his distance from the place of the alibi—in this case, the house, presumably; a good twenty minutes away, if he walked, for he would hardly dare to leave a car about." He paused and nodded. "I think that one's feeling would be for a good safe margin of an hour. You've got your alibi for eleven and a bit after, you kill at twelve, and you put the watch back to eleven."

"Then why not kill at one or two or three? Still safer by your reckoning."

"Lunch," he said. Just like that.

"Does a murderer let his lunch interfere with his plans?" I laughed, sort of sarcastically.

"Not *his* lunch, the dead man's. You can tell, can't you, when a dead man had his last meal?"

"That's right, sir; stupid of me."

"Uncle Henry would have his at any time between twelve thirty and one thirty, and what's the good of pretending he died at eleven, if he'd just finished his lunch? No, Inspector, the absolute limits for the time of death are eleven thirty to twelve thirty, and the nearer to twelve the better."

Well, that was clever, it really was, and I couldn't see anything against it.

"All right, sir," I said. "He was killed at twelve. That means that the murderer has no alibi at all for twelve and a watertight one for eleven."

"As you say, Inspector."

"In that case, sir, I will ask you where *you* were at eleven and twelve."

He gave a great shout of laughter. "I knew you would. I felt it coming."

"Nothing meant, sir, of course, but we have to know these things. Same with everybody at the house."

"Of course. Well, let's think. Time's a bit vague. General plan: I walked over to Weston to lunch with some friends. Name given on demand. I left the house a bit after ten and went over to the garage, talked to a gardener or two till ten thirty, and got there, I suppose, at twelve thirty. It's four miles, isn't it, through the fields, but it was a hot day, and why hurry?"

"Why not take the car, sir? I suppose there was a car available?"

"Mrs. Michael wanted to go into the town to do some shopping. Besides," he patted his stomach and looked at mine, "walking's good for the figure."

"Meet anybody?"

"Not to remember or identify."

"Did the others know you were going?" I asked.

"We discussed plans a bit at breakfast. Michael was—oh, but you'll prefer to ask them yourself. Sorry."

I thought that I might as well know what they had planned to do, even if they didn't do it, or pretended they hadn't. So I told him to go on.

"Michael always brings down masses of papers with him, he's the sort of man who works in the train. I told him he could have my room, and I'd send him in a drink later, and he told his wife that he'd be busy all morning. Peter and his girl—well, you know what the plans of a newly-engaged couple are, Inspector. As long as they are together they don't mind where they are. I wanted to fix John up for golf, he's always very keen, but an agent or a manager or somebody was ringing him up at eleven, and that would have made it rather late. So he said that as soon as his call had come through and he'd done his business he'd take an iron out in the park and knock round a bit. I don't know if he did, or, in fact, what any of them did, but that's what was said at breakfast."

HE got up suddenly, as if he had an idea, and I asked him what it was, because I'd had a sudden idea, too.

"His note," he said. "What idiots we are!"

"I was just going to ask you," I said. And I was, because I thought if he was watching a couple of birds nesting or something he'd make a note of the times when things happened, or anyhow make a note of the time of any photographs he'd taken. That hidey-hole! You wouldn't have known it wasn't a great beech trunk with bushes all round; and inside a regular home from home. And there was his diary, and the last entry was 10.27!

"What d'you know about that?" I said to Mr. Ambrose.

"It's funny," he said, picking up the diary and turning the pages backwards and forwards. "After all our clever theorizing, too. He would hardly go an hour and a half without an entry or a photograph. Hallo!"

"What?"

"Last entry comes at the bottom of page. Coincidence?"

"You mean a page might have been torn out? A page going on to twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

"If so, the corresponding page would be loose."

We looked. There was no loose page, but the corresponding page way back in March was missing. We knew, because an entry broke off in the middle and never went on. Well, it all fitted in, and Mr. Ambrose looked rather pleased with himself again.

Well, that was my amateur detective, and very good, too, I thought; and now I'll tell you what the professionals got. Mr. Carter's last meal was breakfast, and, putting his lunch time at twelve

Continued on page 28

THE HUMAN MACHINE

What is Truth?

I SUPPOSE nothing has ever caused so much controversy as the simple question "What is Truth?" Everybody thinks he knows. In every argument each side is so convinced of its own possession of Truth that it hardly seems worth while listening to the other. Yet, ever since Pilate asked his famous question, no really satisfactory answer has been forthcoming.

Absolute Truth could only be found by the possession of universal knowledge. Since no one has this, we must do the best we can. And the best we can do is to try to reconcile and combine opposite points of view.

We can try very hard to be impartial. We can be patient in listening to minority opinion. Sincere belief has always something to say worth hearing. One man in opposition to all the world has before now changed the course of history.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

IRELAND'S FAMILY OF FATE

Continued from page 8

in *Taoiseach*, Costello's Coalition Cabinet. From Donegal to Bantry Bay men gazed in admiration at the bright new star in Ireland's political firmament.

They had not long to wait. In spring, Mr. Costello announnced in Ottawa that his Government was about to repeal the External Relations Act—quaint, vestigial remnant by which Eire, though a self-declared republic, still appointed her overseas representatives in the name of the King.

Seemed So Simple

To the Irish—from Left to Right—that seemed simple and obvious; but to the slightly startled English it was slamming the door in the Commonwealth's face. Hastily "regularizing the position" with the constitutional contortions of the Ireland Act, enabling Irishmen to be in and out of the Commonwealth at the same time, the British draftsmen added a proviso that Northern Ireland's status remained unchanged—save by a vote of the Belfast Parliament.

To the English that seemed simple and obvious, too; but to the Irish it was slamming the door in the face of Ireland's freedom. And all the old litany of hate came pouring forth again.

But there is no bitterness in Sean MacBride today. His emotion is rather of irritation at what he sees as this needless relapse in Ireland's convalescence. "I am particularly annoyed," he tells me, "because relations had been getting so much better.

"When the last British representative came here in 1938 he had to be smuggled in, to hide in a hotel under a false name. When the new one arrived recently we were able to receive him openly. We even played 'God Save the King.' Why, half your Cabinet were over here last year—and they needed no armed guards.

"But now," warns MacBride, "the situation is highly dangerous. The Six Counties have broken out into violence several times before. . . ."

But when he mentions violence these days, MacBride the Firebrand hesitates—lest he be interpreted as inviting it. For no one in Ireland wants violence today. They remember too well what it means: O'Connell Street laid waste twice in a decade; lives laid waste, too. A country rotting.

Is there a way out? I asked MacBride. There are, he said, two ways out and two only: violence—or the conference table. "The intransigence of the North is not so deep-seated as you think. It is largely fostered by you. The majority up there know that Partition cannot last."

At The Crossroads'

Maybe this knot *can* be unravelled—if excited fingers will stop plucking at it.

Maybe Sean MacBride, the urbane revolutionary, could do it. For, still young, he stands in his own life much where Ireland stands today—halfway over the crossroads between a turbulent past and a twilit future.

He won his place in the Cabinet as Ireland's brightest firebrand, but within a few weeks he was soberly working away in the Paris of his birth on the inner council of European Economic Co-operation. As un-Irish—and as Irish—as De Valera himself, he utters still the time-honoured phrases, but his eyes are earnestly set on the road ahead.

As she gets up each evening for an hour or two in her home outside Dublin, an old lady of eighty-three looks with pride on the son she bore to John MacBride in Paris forty-five years ago, seeing in him—as many do—the Man of Destiny who will lead Ireland at last out of the long night towards the fulfilment she and her comrades lived and died for.

Even beach space costs dollars

by ELKAN ALLAN

Los Angeles lido: "The private beaches of the expensive clubs are comparatively pleasant"

LAP 1 of a journey in search of the Real America. Reaching the Pacific, the Allans take delight in the fruit, dislike Hollywood's "playground of the stars," and find the seaside very different

A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT we came to the brightly lit barrier of the California State Line and two uniformed officials approached the bus that was our mobile home.

I opened the door and they climbed in. "This is a customs inspection," one of them said. "Have you any citrus fruit of any kind?"

Dorotheen said we had some grapefruit we had bought for breakfast.

"Can I have a look at it, please, ma'am?" He examined the bag, turning each grapefruit round and looking at it closely. "O.K." He handed it back. "No disease, I'm glad to say. We couldn't have let you keep 'em if they had anything wrong. We got to protect our fruit, you know. It's a million-dollar industry. Yep, a million-dollar industry."

British Are Liked

His companion was shining a torch round the bus. "What's in there?" he asked, pointing to the chest of drawers.

"Only crockery and things," replied Dorotheen, opening the drawers to show him.

"Where'ya from?" When we told him he passed us through without more ado; British people are liked and respected by most Americans.

While few states institute anything like a customs search at the frontiers, there is usually some kind of boastful sign to welcome travellers from one state to another. There is intense rivalry between the states and each tries to attract visitors by boosting some particular aspect. A favourite way of doing this is on automobile number-plates, which have to be changed each year.

Arizona adds "The Grand Canyon State" to its car plates; New Mexico "The Land of Enchantment"; Idaho has a picture of a potato; Tennessee has the whole number-plate in the shape of the state.

The people of, say, Wisconsin, are far more keen about their own district than are the people of Wiltshire. In some cases the people are so pro-state that they have become anti-nation; one student of the University of California told us perfectly seriously that he would fight in a war for California but not for the U.S.A.

Oranges All The Way

A few miles' run the next day brought us to a pass high in the mountains. On our side was semi-desert; on the other side grew oranges.

This was the California we latter-day pioneers had been seeking.

From here on, it was oranges, oranges all the way. Unfenced orange groves grew along the sides of the main road, and one could pick the fruit off the trees. For fifty cents we were offered a basket and allowed to roam around a grove and fill it.

Little huts, many in the shape of oranges, stand beside the main road to Los Angeles, selling crates, bags and sacks of oranges and ice-cold orange juice. Most of the

White line shows Lap Four of the Allans' trip: 'Frisco is ahead

fruit was of the seedless variety, which made eating them an unalloyed pleasure.

Grapes, also, have been developed so that they have no pips, and were far cheaper and better than sweets. Indeed, American sweets and chocolate are of surprisingly poor quality—a fact that is recognized in the official "C.A.R.E." relief packages sent to Europe from America, which contain chocolate made in England.

The deeper we penetrated the network of towns that lead into Los Angeles the more obvious it became that the dreams of the pioneers had been humbled.

The "forty suburbs in search of a city" which make up the most widespread town in the world, have a flat, stultifying uniformity about them. The millions of people who have flocked out to Southern California in the last twenty years have taken the richness of the land without contributing to it. The result is beginning to look like a white wooden version of our own plundered South Lancashire.

It is an over-populated, over-exploited country. Even the publicists, who are largely responsible for the mass immigration into Southern California, now add a warning to their advertisements: "Don't come here unless you have already arranged about living accommodation!" But hundreds still pour in daily, hoping at least to save on clothes, for no winter clothing is needed there.

Where Stars Relax

The truth is that Southern California is a dull part of America—misrepresented and often ugly. Even the weather does not come up to specification, being as often misty as sunny—at least it was while we were there.

Hollywood is an efficient centre for film factories, but there is little to see except other sightseers (not that they are unamusing). Beverly Hills has its fancy and expensive homes of film stars, which are quite interesting architecturally. But Santa Monica Beach, "the playground of the stars," is a flop.

The place itself is a normal, uninspired suburb, and the beach is a grubby little strip of rough sand, where the bathing is poor. Along the whole Pacific coast the sea comes flat in and breaks hard upon the shore, knocking down anyone who tries to battle against it. I was bruised and scratched by the gritty shingle every bathe I took.

For this reason not many people actually swim, and the "bathing" costumes which look so becoming on the starlets never feel the water. On a hot day the narrow public beach is crowded with greasy bodies, and there is not much room to move on shore.

A few yards along, the *private* beaches of the expensive clubs are comparatively pleasant.

Shockingly, private enterprise extends to the foreshore. We saw many notices inviting us to pull in and bathe from competing private beaches.

I met a young, muscular Swede walking along the promenade. He had come to America as the middle man in a circus balancing act, he told me, and had injured his back. He stayed for a time to see if he liked California. "They talk all the time of freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom," he said. "But I discover I cannot even walk along the beach here. I'm going home."

The Plague-carriers

The owners of the parking lots along the coast demanded a dollar a night if we wanted to stay on their property. Rather than submit to this robbery, I drove on a bit, a little out of town, and between suburbs came upon a public car park along the seashore. We stayed there several days and nights, until, taking a walk along the shore, we noticed hundreds of little animals like squirrels with bare brushes scampering in and out of the hills below the promenade.

I asked a garbage-burner what they were.

"Oh, ground-rats," he said, casually. "Nasty little things; they carry the germs of bubonic plague."

"Why aren't they killed off?" I asked.

"The City Council is always talking about doing something about it;" he said. "It just doesn't get around to it, I guess. Still, it ain't so bad on this coast. Over near New York, where I come from, the sea has been declared dangerous it's so full of disease germs. But that don't stop people swimming. It's their own affair, I guess."

We didn't stay another night near the ground-rats.

But it was hard to find a place to park inside Los Angeles proper. The keepers chased us out of the parks at closing time, and virtually forced us to sleep on the streets.

Fortunately, from the outside, we looked just like any other bus, except that the large sign, "School Bus;" had been blacked out, and we had curtains. The police who drove up one night and shone their lights on us must have thought we were an empty bus parked outside the owner's home. In America a car's lights must be extinguished when it is parked, so we did not have a problem there.

We chose a different street each night, in case the inhabitants of the houses got suspicious. Once we must have made too much noise in driving up, for a woman came out of her house and banged on the side of the bus, shouting for us to go away, or she would fetch the police. We went.

Our quietest nights there were spent, paradoxically, between two of the biggest streets, Sunset Boulevard and Hollywood Boulevard, which cut straight across the city with their palm trees and multiple lanes.

Hollywood is the centre of the radio industry as well as films and, as one of our reasons for being in America was to study commercial radio, we attended several broadcasts. What we saw there and heard on our portable radio throughout America made us appreciate the B.B.C. in a way we had never done before.

American radio is unbearable. At regular intervals, varying from one to ten minutes throughout the whole day and night, programmes are broken into with advertisements of the most moronic type. So repulsive are the spoken commercials that, after a while, one begins to look forward to another type, the jingles, which at least have a little music. But these are insidious things; they jump into one's brain and won't get out again. I still find myself singing this song from time to time:

Dee You Zee, Dee You Zee,
Put some in your washing machine,
See the clothes come out all clean.
When I do my wash I sing,
Dee You Zee does everything.

The programmes themselves cannot really be considered without such verbal acne, because they are so clearly secondary.

One-minute Silencer

There is a gadget on the market which, when pressed, helps Americans to shut their ears to the advertisements by silencing the set for one minute, the usual length of a commercial. But the shows that accompany them are generally inferior to our Light Programme. They are made up almost wholly of comedy turns, devices for the giving-away of free gifts, disc-jockeys—gramophone record programmes—and "soap-operas," the popular name for serials that even novelette addicts might find a little trying.

A friend of ours has had his loudspeaker adjusted so that it will reproduce only music, no speech at all!

Returning from the radio studios one evening we found one of our back-door locks had been broken by would-be thieves, who fortunately had not been able to force the door; but this incident drove us for the first and last time into a trailer camp.

Colonies of caravans exist all over America and they are supposed to be the official parking-places for travellers like ourselves, who, imitating the tortoise, carry their own home. But we had always avoided them for several reasons—they cost a dollar a night, we did not need their facilities of mains electricity and water because we carried our own, and, above all, they had the appearance and atmosphere of slums.

The camp where we stayed that night was on the edge of one of the oilfields which skirt Los Angeles.

The people who lived there were mostly families of oilmen, who could find no other home. America has a housing shortage as acute as ours; since it isn't tackled on a national scale, it is in many ways worse.

So Ma Willins and her three kids live with Pa Willins in the trailer camp. They bought their caravan for seven hundred dollars and, by parking it in the camp, they don't need a car to pull it. They are saving up for that now.

A Bit Cramped

Ma's happy enough: "It ain't bad here; a little crushed, that's all. We got used to it, living here for two years, since Pa got out of the army. Mind you, it ain't too good for Janey here; she's growin' up and I guess she'll be wantin' a trailer of her own one of these days. But it'll do for the time being. We share baths and wash-houses with the other folks and we're all good friends. And then we see a lot of new people like yourselves. You say you come from England? You don't mean *New* England? Well, I guess I don't rightly know where that is."

We left Los Angeles the next day, parked by a Mission, one of the old churches built by the Spaniards, and attended a morning service during which birds which had nests in the rafters flew about the whole time, singing, and landing on the shoulders of the kneeling men and women.

And next night we parked on Pismo Beach, at the entrance of the great San Simeon highway, which runs north to San Francisco, along the side of a mountain range that drops sheer to the sea.

We were wakened in what seemed to be the middle of the night. We heard voices, dozens of them, and the sound of cars parking all round us. As always when we heard "danger" we pretended that the bus was empty, but, while the first lot of voices died away, more and more cars and people arrived. Cautiously I drew back the corner of a curtain and saw in the early light hundreds of men, women and children walking towards the sea with buckets and spades.

I asked a man what he was doing. "It's the full moon," he replied. "We've come for the clams."

There was no more hope of sleep, so we dressed and joined them at the water's edge. Every now and then, a razor-backed clam would pop out of the wet sand, and if we were quick, we could grasp its shell and pull it out.

When we learnt the trick we caught a dozen or so, and went back to our bus to cook them. They made a delicious breakfast.

NEXT WEEK: Farewell U.S.—We Prefer Britain

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

SIX SUMMERS

PAUL HOLT, famous travelling columnist, spent two years in Russia as a war correspondent. Leaving Moscow by plane was quite an adventure: for one thing, the American pilot knocked out the Russian observer. . . . In this John Bull series, Holt —in his vivid, intimate style—describes people he met and places he visited during six specially-to-be-remembered summers

Roundabout journey from Russia

by PAUL HOLT

"... British officers, Polish girls: both groups seemed to have got lost"

THE BATTLE OF Stalingrad had been won, and with the snows had disappeared also the fears of the Russians. Now, in the early summer the long dirt roads stretched endlessly like string between the onion domes of the village churches and from them the dust rose as occasional bands of Red cavalry rode westwards after the Germans.

They had wild roses in their caps and lilac stuck in the headbands of their mounts, and they sang a pretty waltz tune, "The Blue Scarf," as they rode.

For a month I had been trying to get home, begging, wangling, pleading, cheating, making a nuisance of myself at cocktail parties in Moscow—anything for a lift to London. It looked to me like ten days in a slow train to Murmansk and from there a miserable, tortuous, follow-my-leader chase around the Arctic seas in convoy, dodging U-boats (or not dodging U-boats, which was likelier). For this I had no stomach, having passed that way before.

Then one day, glory be, old Admiral Standley, the American Ambassador to the Soviet Union (and, incidentally, the first American to tell the Russians just what he thought of them) offered me a seat in his personal bomber, heading out the next day for Washington by way of Cairo, Accra, Brazil and Miami.

I decided at once that the problem of making my way from Washington to London would have to take care of itself later. The great thing was to get out of Russia, for I had been there for nearly two years and it is a very large place indeed in which to contract claustrophobia.

After absurdly few hours we had passed Astrakhan and were heading down the west shore of the Caspian Sea. It looked brown and muddy and silted, like an estuary, and the surface of the sea was dotted with thousands of flaky crusts like soap suds. They said it was the salt in the water.

To the west there soared the fabulous mountains of the Caucasus that stretched in jagged grandeur so far that they seemed to tip over the rim of the world; and at the tip of the rim, somewhere, was Mount Ararat, where the Ark nudged ashore. The mountains were Disney-like, sharp and fuzzed with harsh pine forests and wounded by great black crevasses that cut deep as the heart of the world.

Here the native tribes, Osetins and the roaming bands of the Caucasus, although professedly members of the enlightened Soviet, still practised the blood feud with single-minded enthusiasm. And here, so rumour had it, in the impenetrable fastnesses of the mountains from which no man returned, the sabre-toothed tiger still roamed.

We were now skirting neatly between the Alp-like mountains of Northern Persia, cloud-hopping from valley to valley, when the passengers noticed something was wrong. There seemed to be an argument going on. And this was odd, for the pilot and his mate were lanky young Americans who had been at this game together for a year and more —they flew Churchill to Moscow when he came to tell Uncle Joe there would be no Second Front in 1942.

Then I saw they were shouting at the Russian observer. A colonel came sauntering back to tell us that the pilot wanted to get in radio contact with Teheran ahead, to find out the weather there, but the red-faced Red Air Force boy insisted on keeping on with Moscow all the time. Since, said the colonel, he could not now hear Moscow, we might consider ourselves on our own.

"Coming Round The Mountain"

The clouds were now too frequent to hop. We kept on going through them, hoping quite hard there wouldn't turn out to be a mountain at the other end.

I began to sing to myself, I remember: "She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes," which seemed as good a way to pass the time as any other.

Then the noise of the motors changed and I began to tell myself that I had got out of Russia, anyway. But it turned out not to be anything as embarrassing as an engine stall. We had just flown out of the narrow rocky corridor down which we had been flying and the engines had lost their echo—that was all.

Now the sweet high green plain lay before us with a little airfield to welcome us, and we were down.

The heat hit out like a ship's furnace when the door swung open, but the lanky pilot didn't notice the heat. As soon as he was on the ground he carefully measured off the distance between his shoulder and the Russian observer's chin and he hit once, clean and hard, walking away from the blow almost as he struck.

It was odd to see the plump Russian lying there on the ground. Nobody touched him. Then he got up and walked away with stiff and ponderous dignity. There was no expression on his face.

Roses, Girls, Laziness

After the rigours of Moscow, Teheran was like Nice in carnival time, all roses and girls and laziness. There were the usual few suffused British Army officers who seemed to have lost their way to the war; the Polish girl fugitives, escaped from Soviet concentration camps, with bright, soft eyes and hard, contemptuous mouths. And they had lost their way, too; lost their ways to love and security and a man of their own.

There were two things to do in Teheran. We could accept the invitation of the commissar of the Soviet troops guarding the railway line, to go north with him to enjoy a day's shooting wild horses. Or we could go to see the Shah. I chose the Shah.

All the way in the jeep up to the royal palace in the mountains my Americans were debating what they should call him. Some said "sir" and some said "Shah." Further than that they would not go.

But the interpreter who went between us and this cool, grave young ruler would say: "His Most Gracious and Exalted Majesty thanks you for your query. His Most Gracious and Exalted Majesty's answer is no."

Soon he had the Americans at it and we had a most gracious and exalted day.

The great desert that lies sleeping between Teheran and the Nile is striped in places with monstrous black bars, so that it looks like a sleeping zebra below you. And it is so vast that Palestine, when suddenly you come on it, is as neat and green and small as a Japanese garden.

At Cairo I left the bomber, Lord Halifax's son, the Hon. John Wood, had lost his legs at El Alamein and he was being flown to New York for treatment. I was glad I had a place to offer.

The Ambassador, Sir Miles Lampson, asked me to dine. I said I'd be delighted, but I was travelling without a dinner jacket; he said come, just the same.

When we gathered for cocktails the other guests were correct and exotic and immaculate, and there were only two improperly dressed men in the room. The Ambassador was the other one. He wore an ancient tweed suit in my honour.

I remember there was one particularly lovely girl at my left hand at dinner. She was Australian, languid, and her pearls were beautifully graded. She turned to me: "This new General Montgomery . . . giving cigarettes to the troops. Don't you think, Mr. Holt, that's terribly . . . *vulgar*, now?" she demanded.

I could only say I imagined General Montgomery did not smoke.

Tea With Monty's Men

Next day she took me out to a hospital and we had tea with some of General Montgomery's troops who had lost their eyes and their hands and half their heads in battle, and she fed these maimed men with great tenderness, while I told them stories. So she turned out to be not such a bad young woman after all.

The only way home left to me now was down the Nile, to make a flea's hop across to the headwaters of the Congo and there by sensible swoops south-westerly towards the Atlantic at Brazzaville, on the coast of the Belgian Congo.

Kitchener's Khartoum is like a Mid-Western American film frontier town; broad, empty streets, a level horizon all round. Where Stanley met Livingstone the English live. They fuss the little native blackamoors in a scolding way.

Since there was no war for them to fight in the heart of Africa they made

one. Their war was a war of hospitality, fought against loneliness and the climate, and they thrust their goodwill like a posy under the nose of every English traveller. They behaved like firewatchers hoping for a big raid.

On the journey I grew to like my company. A spy who had been educated at Winchester, an officer of Ensa sent home for some doubtful incident, and Major-General Sir John Harding, who had been Monty's chief of staff of Eighth Army, wounded and longing for home.

The spy wanted to write an attack upon Evelyn Waugh; the Ensa officer hated his boss; the general spent many hours talking about his son's education.

There was one stop which was pure Somerset Maugham. The fans, the creaking cane chairs, the cynical old woman in sweat-drenched housecoat. The warm beer at five shillings a glass.

Now at last, twice as far from London as I had been when I left Moscow a month earlier, we turned sharply north, heading for Europe. After one night at Freetown, where the architecture is strictly early petrol-tin style, we passed Gibraltar, like a precious lump of coal thrown on a rumpled counterpane, and rested for the day in Lisbon.

Here I met Leslie Howard, the film star. He was enjoying himself, touring Portugal making speeches for the British Council. The young women of Portugal were as pro-British as all-fall-down every time he appeared. I left him in Lisbon to follow in the next plane.

He did. And for some reason the Germans decided that Churchill was in the plane and they shot it down.

For myself, I blame the enthusiastic young women of Portugal for this tragedy. It is clear they talked so widely about a handsome and famous Englishman being around in Lisbon that the countless agents must all have sent the news to the Luftwaffe, who decided to speculate.

When we reached Shannon, near Limerick, a splendid farce began. Since Eire was not supposed to be at war, apart from the number of young Irishmen in the British Armies, we all had to pretend to be sternly non-combatant on passing through. I remember General Harding announced that he was an entomologist, the spy said he was a schoolmaster and I said that I was a canneries inspector of the Ministry of Fisheries. The Irish loved the joke and piled our luggage high with eggs and steaks.

The next morning we landed at Poole Harbour and were ferried ashore from the flying boat by a lovely, muscular young Englishwoman in blue slacks and jersey. The tarmac smelt so good when we landed I nearly knelt and kissed it. My feet kissed it.

I was home just in time for a wartime Derby at Newmarket.

NEXT WEEK: Barnstorming in the West of England

He'll be back again soon

HERBERT HODGE is in hospital but "no need to worry; there's nothing very serious the matter with me," he says.

He hopes to be back soon, writing his weekly *John Bull* feature again.

Mr. Carpenter calls for another bid: "This life is a bit of a gamble"

Birthrights for sale

by MARY BENEDETTA

It's an auction with a difference. The goods under the hammer are men's hopes for the future. The buyers are business men and lawyers. They are taking a chance that death will not cheat

THE STRANGEST AUCTION in the world takes place once a month in a City of London auction room, where the life insurance policies and other assets of anonymous people are sold under the hammer.

The auctioneer, W. H. H. Carpenter, has been selling reversions and policies for sixty-three years. As he stands at the rostrum, keen, blue eyes searching the audience and his brain quick to apprehend the mood of the bidding, it is not easy to believe that he is about eighty years old and has recently recovered from a bad attack of pneumonia.

He looks like Toscanini, with white hair, an intellectual face and a soft way of speaking. With his little ivory hammer poised in his fingers as he asks for another bid, he seems to be holding the baton ready for a delicate passage. He sounds as though he is selling a rare work of art.

In fact, it is probably a reversion: a sum of money to which a person is entitled under a will whose testator is already dead and cannot change his mind, or under a settlement which cannot be broken.

There are two kinds of reversions to interest the buyer: an absolute reversion, as in the case where a man dies leaving his estate to his wife for life, and at her death to their children or some other specified persons; or a contingent reversion, where the man leaves the estate to his wife for life and after her death to other persons, provided they are alive when she dies.

In the second case, the buyer may lose his money if the reversioners from whom he buys the interest fail to outlive the wife. It is a more speculative proposition, but he can usually insure against the risk.

Women Come To Look On

The people who buy up other people's birthrights at Carpenter's sales are investment companies, insurance companies and a small number of private individuals who have money to invest and do not mind waiting some time for it to mature. Among the business men and solicitors there is often a smattering of women who have come as observers for relatives or friends.

At a recent auction, Carpenter sold twenty-four lots, of which eleven were absolute reversions, and the remainder mainly life insurance policies. But there were also debentures in the Wimbledon lawn tennis ground, and "two well-placed stalls" in the Albert Hall which went for £400.

Bidding was brisk. For "an Absolute Reversion receivable on the decease of a lady aged sixty-three," it started at £5,000 and finished at £9,950.

Although he cannot divulge the identity of the people whose interests he is selling, Carpenter gives out occasional pieces of information if they have any bearing on the speculative value of the lot. The life of a man of thirty-seven he described as "a bit of a gamble."

But he regarded the life of an old man of eighty-seven as "an attractive proposition."

"Is this life easy to keep in touch with?" somebody asked. "Yes," replied Carpenter. "As far as I can apprehend, this gentleman is a titled Englishman and lives in London."

If He Married Again

The offer of a reversion belonging to a man of fifty-four aroused a discussion. His wife was fifty-three and might die. He might marry again and have more children, which would divide the trust fund still further.

However, the auctioneer reported the wife to be in a very good state of health, and the bidding started.

For the benefit of those who found the legal complications too confusing, Carpenter frequently added: "The solicitor is here if you have any questions on the conditions." The atmosphere, indeed, was more friendly and intimate than at the average sale of ordinary property.

Carpenter joined the firm of auctioneers, Foster and Cranfield, as an assistant in 1886. The monthly sales had already been started by a Mr. Marsh in 1843. Since then, the firm has remained the only one of its kind in the world.

But, though it specializes in reversions and annuities and similar very personal properties, it regularly holds more ordinary auctions as well.

Pacific Isles For Sale

Even these can provide plenty of variety. In 1892, "Buffalo Bill's Horses and Plant" came under Carpenter's hammer. In June, 1897, he was offering "Floors and Premises to view the Royal Procession." At other times he has taken bids for a gold-bearing farm in South Africa, phosphate islands in the Pacific (sold during the last war for more than £500,000), and a block of diamond mine shares.

The latter belonged to a man who committed suicide because he thought he had lost his fortune in them. If he had lived another week he would have been wealthy.

Carpenter points out that the sale of annuities and other policies does not necessarily mean that the holders are victims of some financial tragedy. Often they sell merely to get capital.

For the buyers, the business remains speculative. The other day, a buyer reminded Carpenter of a reversion he had bought forty years before, hoping that he would cash in within a reasonable time. But the life tenant is still active, flourishing at the age of 102.

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Lucy suddenly remembered that Ivor could turn on the gas tap with his foot. She had always known that something horrible would happen. But to the investigators, things didn't end with Ivor. There were other trails to be followed—and followed quickly

Shole held Lucy back as Prince came out at a shambling run with Ivor in his arms. "Open a window," he said

AFTER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS of research, Professor Sewell of the Haughton Laboratory is ready to publish results of his work on the control of epidemics, when the Government steps in and orders suppression. The data could be used by a foreign Power as a weapon of bacteriological warfare.

The Government's action has repercussions. Sewell, separated from his wife, has devoted his life to the work, and at first refuses to accept the decision. Bob Marriott and Lucy Byrne, young scientists engaged on the work under Dr. Shole, Sewell's right-hand man, are, too, frustrated by the decision. Lucy, with whom Marriott is in love, lives a bitter private life with her fiancé, Ivor Gates. He has lost both arms in the war, and has to be tended hand and foot.

Ivor is jealous of Marriott, and sets out to injure him. Knowing of Marriott's indignation over the security measures, Ivor introduces him to a disreputable friend, Brown, who tells Marriott he is in touch with people who could publish results of the experiments.

While disliking Brown personally, Marriott, in a highly emotional state, decides he will give the information, now a Government top secret. He meets Brown secretly in a pub and asks to be put in touch with the top men of the organization Brown has mentioned.

But his movements are being followed. A security agent, Prince, calls a conference between Dr. Shole and Ralph Peach, Sewell's son-in-law, who is a high-grade civil servant, and puts the information before them. He tells them that from another source he has learned that a shadowy group working underground in Britain is expecting scientific information within twenty-four hours.

Unless there is to be a serious leakage, quick action is needed. They interview Lucy to check on how Marriott first came to meet Brown, and on Ivor Gates's possible part in the plot. Ivor, meanwhile, is arriving at a grim decision.

PART VIII

The Unwritten Letter

THE young soldier fumbled with the key. His hands were large and red, with ginger hair on their backs. Ivor said: "It goes in upside down. That's it."

The door swung open. The soldier grunted and started to try clumsily to get the key out again.

"No—turn it back straight and it'll come out. Thank you very much. Now, if you could slip it back in my top waistcoat pocket. . . ."

The boy was shy about putting it back in his pocket. People were always shy about that.

Ivor said: "Thank you very much indeed. Very kind of you."

"That's all right," said the soldier gruffly. "You O.K. now?"

"Yes, thanks. I can manage now." Ivor smiled. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a drink but——"

"I don't want any drink," said the boy almost angrily. He nodded and said: "Well, so long," and turning abruptly, went clattering off down the stairs.

As the front door banged behind him Ivor suddenly realized that he was the last one, and went to the window. The soldier was just crossing the street, walking with a plodding slouch, as though his boots were too heavy for him. He stopped on the other pavement, as though not sure where to go, and then went slouching away towards Victoria. It wouldn't have mattered if he had

gone the other way. There would have been a pub and a girl there, too.

Ivor went back to the door and closed it with a gentle kick. The room was cold and though it was only just after five the light was fading.

He went across to the gas fire and pushed the tap on with his foot. Then, balancing carefully, he put the toe of his shoe on one side of the self-lighter tap and let it go sharply. It missed the first time but the second time it snapped properly, and the fire lit with a pop. He stood and looked at it until the radiants began to glow, and then went and sat down in his fireside chair.

THE reading-table was beside the chair with a book open on it, and he looked to see if it was open at anything appropriate. But it was only Pepys, open at one of his duller days, with a lot of going to the office and talking to Sir W. Batten, and it was too much effort to arrange everything so that he could turn over.

He wished dully that he had a drink. There was some whisky somewhere. But for that matter there was golf and painting and duck shooting and women and steeplechasing and piano playing, if you could reach out your hand and take them. That had always been the most difficult part—to realize that though the things were there, they weren't yours any more. However close they were, they weren't yours.

He sat for a while just looking at the fire and then shook his head sharply and heaved himself out of his chair and went over to the window. That was all right. There was the chimney, but it had three-ply across it with the gas fire let into it.

The door was bad. There was a space of half an inch between the bottom of it and the floor. But there was nothing to be done, except to ruckle up the carpet against it with his foot.

He went back to his chair and sat down and closed his eyes and said: "Dear Lucy. Not '*My* dear Lucy' or 'Lucy Dear' or 'Darling' or 'Bitch.' Dear Lucy. I said I would try to say this sometime. They say sounds go on, and maybe you'll catch some of this hanging about the place. If not, it doesn't matter. You'll draw your own conclusions and they'll be wrong as usual, but why shouldn't you have it your own way?"

He stopped for a moment with puckered brow. "First I want to thank you for having looked after me. I always say thank you to people who open doors for me and buy me tickets and so on, though, really, they ought to say thank you to me for giving them a chance to be such grand chaps without its costing anything. I only ever met one chap who said he couldn't buy me a ticket because he was in a hurry. I could have kissed him and I hope his soul will burn in hell for it. Anyhow, you've always bought my ticket, and I hope you've made a profit out of it. But at least you've been the right sort that just goes away when it's done something for you and doesn't stay to be worshipped. Thank you. You can go now. I hope you'll be happy, though I don't think you will because you're not the happy sort and now you won't have me as an excuse."

He stopped and sat for a long time with his eyes shut, breathing heavily.

"You'll see what happened about your pink and white boy unless you're being even denser than usual. I can't think what you were doing to put him in my way—unless you *wanted* him scuppered. If not, you're just mad. My only regret is that you couldn't have found somebody more worth while. I wish he'd been a tougher proposition. It was rather a waste to use my talents on him. Incidentally, I gave him every chance. If he'd been a bit brighter I should have had to tip the police off about him *au moment critique*. But I haven't because I can't believe it's necessary. He *must* give himself away. In a way it'll be better fun if he doesn't. Because sooner or later he'll tell you, because he's the sort that always tells people, and that'll teach you to go out with him. At least, it'll teach you to go out with a proper man and not with. . . ."

He was breathing very quickly now. He stopped and stretched himself with a slight groan, his eyes still closed. After a while he smiled slightly and said: "Your bloody England with its bloody sanctimoniousness and all its people with arms and no heads. Don't you know an Irishman when you see one. . . ?

"It wasn't possible and it wasn't decent, and if you'd cared about the truth you would have known it. But you took this on and couldn't go through with it. I'm not blaming you for not going through with it but for taking it on. You bloody little fool with a lot of phrases in your head. There'll be nothing to boast about now. You'll have to face things and stop acting, now there's no dolly."

He said "no dolly" again. "No dolly." The tears oozed out from his closed eyes and ran down his cheeks. He shook his head sharply, and, bending down, rubbed his face on the arm of the chair.

"You ought to have looked at me and said you couldn't buy me a ticket because you were in a hurry. But you hadn't got the nerve."

He suddenly opened his eyes and cowered down in his chair and started to whimper.

HE said: "It's bloody unfair. I can't write to you. I wanted to write to you and I can't. They oughtn't to stop that. You think I'm grateful and I'm not. I scuppered your boy. Why haven't you come back early? You're never here when you're wanted."

The fire was glowing almost white hot. He could feel the heat of it on his legs. He shut his eyes again and put out his feet to the warmth. He said: "You thought I was grateful and that I didn't love you. Both wrong as usual. I suppose I ought to have licked your hand. But if you don't know now you never will so what's the use?"

When he had sat for about five minutes he opened his eyes and smiled across the room and said: "Dictated, but not signed, by Mr. Gates."

He heaved himself up out of the chair and pushed the gas tap so that the fire went out. After a moment, he pushed the tap on again, but the radiants were still hot and the gas caught again with a bang. He cursed vaguely and put it out again and turned slowly away.

His eye fell on the book, and he stood for a moment straining his eyes to read it in the failing light. He couldn't remember what a theorbo was, though he had known at one time. It had a neck, so presumably it was some sort of lute.

The radiants weren't glowing now.

He went back to the fire and pushed the tap over and stood for a moment listening to the gas hissing. Then he pushed the leather hassock into position with his foot, close to the fire, and went down on one knee and edged himself round so that he could lie with his head on it. The leather was warm from the fire, but the hassock was rather low for comfort. As his cheek touched it he remembered that the theorbo was the big bass lute.

He had meant to make a last statement, but nothing came to his mind but "Thank you, darling," because that was connected with lying down and being put to bed. So he said: "Thank you, darling," and glanced up with the smile with an edge on it.

The room looked very strange from that angle, but soon he got tired of looking at it and closed his eyes, and knew, as he had known every night for years now, the tremendous relief of not seeing.

EVERYBODY went home promptly at six nowadays. There had been a time when people stayed on till eight or nine at night to finish things. But that was in the days when there was something worth while to do. Just before six Marriott went round and carefully said good night to anybody he could find. There was no sign of Sewell, and Shole and Lucy had both gone early.

When he had said good night, he slipped into the lavatories and stayed there until just after six, and when he came out the place was silent and deserted. He went into the main office and stood there for a moment in the dark, hesitating about switching on a light.

But it only faced on to the light well, and nobody could see into it, so he put the light on and sat down on one of the typists' desks and looked at the green steel cabinet. It suddenly occurred to him that Mary might have taken the key home with her, and he got off the desk in a panic of undefined excitement to look. But it was there all right.

He didn't take it out, but went and sat on the desk again and looked at the steel cabinet, standing there smooth and dark green in the yellow light.

Ever since he had left Ivor's flat he had been promising himself that some time he would think properly. But somehow there had never been a chance to think; and now, when it was quiet and he was alone, he could hear and see with unusual and almost startling clarity, but he could not think.

He could hear the roar of traffic in the distance, and he distinctly heard, amongst it, the sound of a bus accelerating. The cabinet was a nice colour but there was something unpleasant about its shape. It was too tall for its breadth. Tall and narrow-shouldered like a grandfather clock. Tall and narrow-shouldered like Ivor.

He grasped at that and tried to start from Ivor. But somehow Ivor got him nowhere. It wasn't anything to do with Ivor any more than it was anything to do with Brown or Brewer. One didn't do things like that because somebody else thought it was right, even if somebody else was a man with no arms. He tried conjuring up the vision of Ivor with his eyes closed and the tears oozing out from under his shut lids.

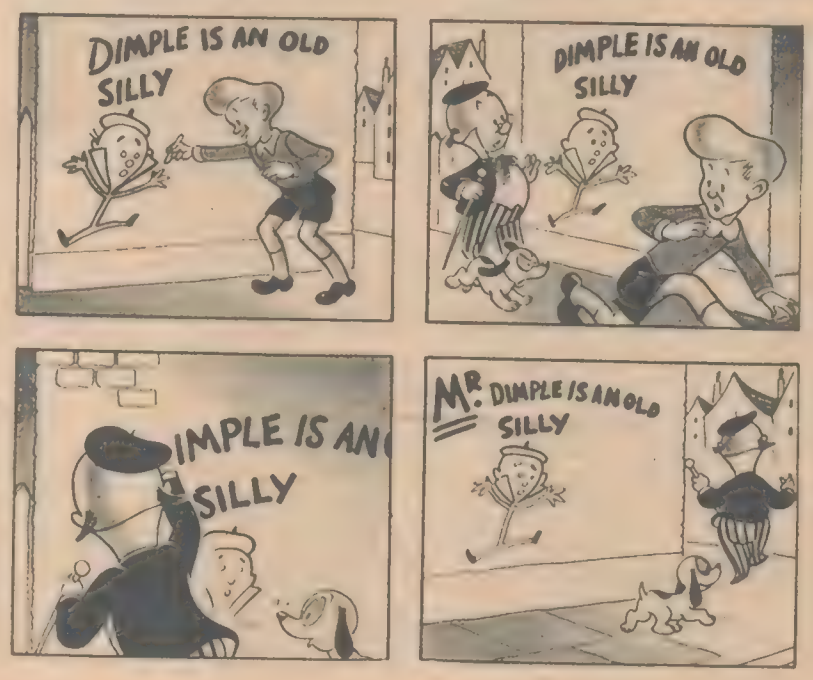
But though that had always worked before, it didn't work now, and it only reminded him of the blind man who had been playing the violin. Pathetic, but not touching. Ivor cried very easily and he suddenly hated Ivor. The feeling startled him and he would have pursued it further, but his eye fell on his watch, and he realized that there was no time.

He closed his eyes and put his hands over them and made a terrific effort to formulate the question. He tried saying words under his breath. "Human beings." "Responsibility for human

THIS WEEK'S COVER

TO GET the details for the cover, Clive Uptton spent days sketching at London stations. A lot of the time he was perched on a bridge over the platforms at Liverpool Street: hence the looking-down perspective. The sketches completed, he started the final job in the middle of the night, his favourite "shift"—painting with his left hand and switching to his right only for the signature. One odd thing that Uptton noticed was that passengers completely ignored him while he was sketching on platforms. "Not even a glance at me," he says. "I felt like an invisible man amid the bustle."

MR. DIMPLE *by David Hand*



beings." There was just a flicker of something there and he tried again. "The scientific responsibility for human beings."

But they were just words, without meaning, and he found himself turning them round and muttering: "human responsibility for scientific beings." A sudden fear came over him—that he never would be able to think, and that he would be carried on, as the tube train had carried him, into some almost mechanical, uncalculated action — that the action might even have happened..

He opened his eyes, and the green cabinet was standing there, still locked, and the silence was still questioning but uncommitted.

MR. PRINCE'S car was big and very old, with a glass division between the front and back seats, of the type used as a taxi at country stations. He drove himself, with Peach sitting beside him, and Shole and Lucy and Iverson behind.

Iverson was a small thin man in a shiny blue serge suit and a hard collar. He had a faint Cockney accent and a face the colour of old brick. He was very polite and tried hard to sit on one of the occasional seats. When Shole insisted that he should sit on the back seat he perched on the extreme edge of it so as to take up as little room as possible.

Mr. Prince drove with great care and concentration, as though he had only just learned, grunting a good deal and muttering under his breath at the traffic.

As they crossed Kingsway, Peach said: "I think this l-lets me out, doesn't it?"

Mr. Prince said: "No, you don't, guv'nor" very firmly as a taxi tried to edge out in front of him, and added: "How d'you mean, lets you out? You weren't ever in."

"I mean about my father-in-law. There's nothing to s-suggest that he knows Evans or—or anything about it."

"He wrote that letter," said Mr. Prince doubtfully.

"What letter?"

"To Sir What's-his-name Pelly. That was naughty."

"But that was a l-long time ago. And, anyhow, it's nothing to do with this."

Mr. Prince said: "It's no good standing there looking like that, madam. You'll have to wait till the lights go." He changed down with a loud grunt. "I should think you're all right," he said. "I shouldn't think he'd do anything. He's too old."

"If what she says is true, going out with him that night was a pure coincidence."

"Well, a *coincidence*, anyhow." Mr. Prince smiled slightly and shook a good deal. "She's telling the truth," he added. "Except every now and again, and then she sends you a postcard about it. Nice girl. Think she'd have chosen a chap who could put his arm round her, wouldn't you? I'd rather drive anywhere than in Oxford Street."

At Oxford Circus Peach said: "What'll you do when you get hold of G-Gates?"

"Just talk to him," said Mr. Prince briefly.

Peach hesitated. "It's nothing to do with m-me, but I should have thought the obvious key to the whole thing was this m-man Marriott. Or else Evans. Gates may have been the go-between but if there is a leak, surely M-Marriott——?"

"Marriott?" said Mr. Prince. He hauled laboriously out of the line of traffic, flapping a hand violently out of the window. "Yes. He might quite well be in it."

"*She* thinks so, anyhow."

"You think she does? Well, she's telling the truth. Most of the time. Yes. I think we shall have to see about Marriott."

"I thought you'd go straight for him."

"We could have done that. Never mind, we can't be everywhere at once. Perhaps we shall get something out of Gates."

"Damage your new bucket and I'll damage *you*, young lady"

THEY smelt the gas as soon as they opened the front door. Nobody said anything, but Lucy went racing up the stairs, and Mr. Prince was close behind her. She tore the key out of her bag but Mr. Prince seized it and pushed her roughly aside and said: "Keep out," as he plunged into the flat.

She tried to follow but Shole grabbed her arm, and then Mr. Prince came out at a sort of shambling run with Ivor in his arms and said breathlessly to Iverson: "Open the window, Pete. It's pretty thick in there." Then he put Ivor down on the floor gently and started to examine him, his thick hands moving very quickly.

Lucy said: "I always knew that would happen."

Shole had jumped forward. He said: "Get him over on his face."

Lucy said again: "I always knew that would happen. He could turn it on with his foot."

She dropped down on her knees beside Ivor's head. Shole and Mr. Prince were turning him on to his face. Peach and Iverson had disappeared, and nobody was listening to what she said. "I've thought of it half a dozen times but what was the good? There were other things he could do if he wanted to."

Shole was kneeling astride Ivor's back, and now he would press and release and press and release and it was worth going on for a long time. She knelt there watching Shole and breathing deeply in time with his movements. He looked up and caught her eyes, but his own were intent and unseeing.

It was necessary to say something, so she said: "I always knew that would happen. He could turn it on with his foot."

This time Mr. Prince heard. He said: "With his foot, eh?" Lucy said: "Yes" and started to cry. It was an immense relief to cry.

Mr. Prince said gently: "Look, you can't do anything. You go down with Pete and sit in the car. We'll look after him."

She said: "I'd rather stay here."

Mr. Prince hesitated and then said: "Tell me when you want a spell, Doc. Tiring job."

Shole said: "It's all right." There was sweat on his forehead.

Lucy fumbled in her bag and found her handkerchief. She wiped the tears off her cheeks and then held it to her mouth. She was still kneeling by Ivor's head. She put her hand under it so that his cheek was on her hand instead of on the floor, and knelt there watching Shole pressing and releasing.

It suddenly occurred to her that if you went on doing that the person might begin to breathe again. She said: "He is dead, isn't he?" almost anxiously. But she knew that Ivor was dead because it wasn't conceivable that he should be brought to life again now.

Ivor's cheek was on her hand. She could feel the hard projecting bone pressed into her palm. But he was dead, and nothing they could do would pump life back into him. He had done his part of it and gone. She accepted that, as she had accepted him alive, patiently, without hate.

But the living had claims and the dead had none, and when Shole said: "Get some brandy, Peach," she slipped her handkerchief under the cheekbone, and got up quickly and said: "I'll go. I know where," and went racing downstairs.

The telephone was in the entrance hall, and they were three flights up, but she dared not risk it. You could always hear people talking in the hall. She ran along the street to the bar. There were only a few people in it. She was quite calm, and remembered that she mustn't go back without the brandy.

Phil grinned and nodded when she asked if she could use the telephone, and she went into the little side room while he got the brandy. It was only then that she realized that she didn't know Marriott's number, or even his address.

It was a hundred to one against his being at the Haughton still, and when she heard the buzz-buzz of the ringing tone, she could almost hear the loudness of the bell in that darkness and silence. But there was no other chance.

IT was nearly seven o'clock when Sewell stopped. He had been writing almost without a break for eight hours —writing, and throwing it away, and re-writing, and altering and starting again. He stopped now, not because he was satisfied, but because it was getting so dark that he couldn't see; and because he was tired and empty, and knew now that he never could be satisfied.

He sat back in his chair, and when he did so the paper on his desk was just a grey glimmer in the dusk. He could hardly see that there was writing on it, let alone read it. There was nothing to prevent him from getting up and switching on the light, and then he would be able to read the writing. But he knew that would make no real difference.

The argument was there, cut to show a dozen different facets, and polished till it shone, bright and unanswerable. But however much he polished it, there was always the opposite argument that had been with him all day, unspoken and unwritten; and he realized, dully and wearily, that that was unanswerable, too. He looked at the sheets of paper with sudden disgust.

They were just skill—just point-making and phrase-making; good debating, designed to show what a clever fellow he was. And there was no need for skill or cleverness. It was all quite simple. One either believed that men were creatures of goodwill, and came toward them with hands outstretched; or else one didn't believe it and kept a loaded gun in one's hand.

When all the pretty phrases were left out, it boiled down to this: "I believe in man. I believe in him so strongly that I'm going to cock a snook at you and trust him. And as I've nothing to lose, it's a safe bet—for me." And yet despair was a useless thing, and a pretty phrase wasn't untrue just because it was pretty.

Sewell gathered up the sheets of paper. There were a lot of them—the letter to Gatling, the letters to go to those who would receive the paper, and the third thing—the manifesto which was to go somewhere, he didn't know where, as the final, public, considered self-justification.

He sat for a moment with it all in his hand and there was the wastepaper basket which was the proper and comfortable end of failure. But it was getting dark and he was cold, and if he tore it all up and forgot it there was no next move — nothing to warm or brighten, or even to lift him from his chair.

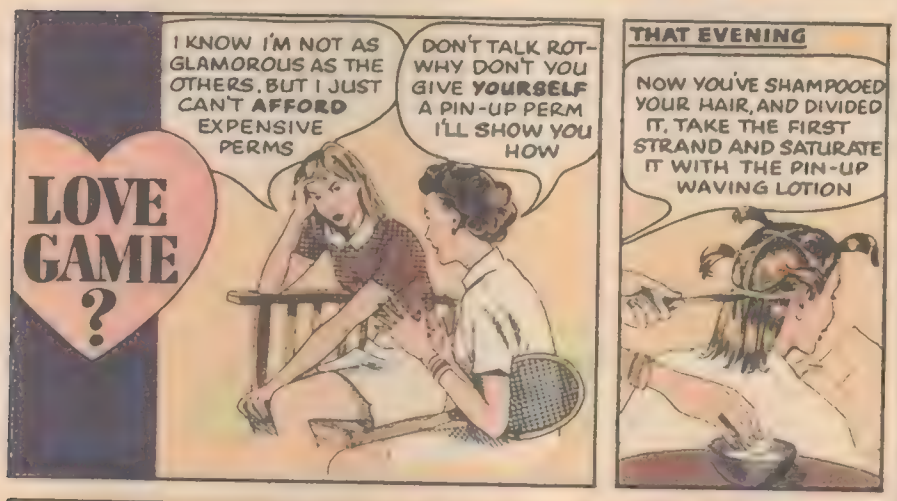
He pushed the sheets into the drawer of his desk unsorted, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

The essential was action. In sixty-four years, his only regrets were things he had not done; never things that he had. He reflected with artificial briskness

Continued on page 27

Carol did it - so can You!

IT'S EASY TO GIVE YOURSELF
A PERFECT PERM AT HOME—WITH PIN-UP


LOVE GAME ?
I KNOW I'M NOT AS GLAMOROUS AS THE OTHERS, BUT I JUST CAN'T AFFORD EXPENSIVE PERMS
DON'T TALK ROT- WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELF A PIN-UP PERM I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
THAT EVENING
NOW YOU'VE SHAMPOOED YOUR HAIR, AND DIVIDED IT, TAKE THE FIRST STRAND AND SATURATE IT WITH THE PIN-UP WAVING LOTION
THEN WIND ON THE CURLER
I'D NO IDEA IT WAS AS EASY AS THIS
GIVE THE WAVING LOTION 3 HOURS TO WORK- BUT IT'S SO GENTLE, IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE THE CURLERS ON AS LONG AS YOU LIKE - ALL NIGHT IF YOU WANT TO
THREE HOURS LATER
NOW APPLY THE FINISHING LOT: ON TO EACH CURLER, AND AFTER 20 MINUTES UNDO THEM - AND THERE YOU ARE!
SIX WEEKS LATER AT THE CLUB
CAROL'S NOW THE PIN-UP GIRL OF THE CLUB. IF JOHN MEANS BUSINESS HE'LL HAVE TO LOOK SHARP!
Pin-up
THE PERFECT HOME PERMANENT

CAROL is only one of the hundreds of thousands of girls who have been thrilled by this wonderful discovery. For Pin-up gives you a wonderful, long-lasting perm. No frizz, no dry hair, but soft, natural curls right from the start. And Pin-up is so gentle, it is safe to leave the waving lotion on as long as you like. You can now afford to keep your hair looking lovely all the time, for *after your first perm you need only a refill costing 7/6 for your future perms.*

SALON-TYPE OUTFIT *for a complete perm with plastic curlers* . . . . . 15/- (inc. tax)

You, too, can be a permanent Pin-up Girl!

Pin 17-76

she guessed without turning her head . . . that he'd not seen a stroke of that rally. It was that radiant hair of hers again . . . so sweetly clean and fragrant . . . rippling with softly curling lights . . . always stealing the show . . . always shampooed by Bandbox.

Her hair is as lovely now as when she was little

bandbox shampoo

LIQUID: Generous sizes 10½d 2/6 4/3 7/6 CREAM: 1/6 4/3

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

that the next item was a thorough revision of the paper. There might be two opinions on the ethics of publishing it, but there must be no room for two on its facts or its claims.

The door of his office had been locked all day. He unlocked it now and came out with his key-ring still in his hand. He had never seen the paper since Shole's last revise. It had been locked away there, and he had been content to let it be locked away.

It was dark in the corridor and very silent. Sewell suddenly realized that he was walking very silently and that his heart was beating quickly as he went through his own laboratory to fetch and revise his own work. That was what it did for you. A man could be a thief of his own effort, and steal from his own safe with his own key, in the darkness and silence. Every man his own burglar.

He switched on the corridor light, and noticed with surprise that it was only just on seven o'clock. The place had seemed so dead and silent that he had thought of it as midnight. In normal times, he thought bitterly, somebody would be working here still. But not now.

He was inside the general office and feeling for the switch when the telephone rang. The sudden urgent sound in the darkness startled him, and even when he had found the light and switched it on he stood for a moment looking at the telephone almost in fear.

Then, with a little grunt of self-derision, he picked up the receiver and said irritably: "Haughton Laboratory. Sewell speaking."

After a moment he said: "Hallo, Lucy. No. He's gone. Everybody's gone except me. No. Sorry. I've no idea."

He was impatient, and eager to ring off, but she was saying something else and he caught enough of it to make him pause. He said: "*What?* I didn't get that. Please try to speak a little slower. . . ."

She spoke quietly, but her voice was breathless as though she had been running. Sewell did not interrupt her again. When she paused he said quietly: "Look—can you hold the line for twenty seconds? . . . All right then—don't bother. You just go back to them and leave it to me. I don't suppose for a moment there's anything to worry about but I'll get hold of Bob and just make sure."

He still had the key-ring in his hand, and almost before the telephone was in place he was unlocking the door of the safe. For a moment he thought it was all right. The other copy was there. But Shole's last revise in the blue cover was not with it, and though he stood stupidly turning over papers for some moments he knew instinctively that it was gone, and began to swear viciously and childishly because he was startled and shaken.

SUDDENLY looking at his watch, Prince said: "My word, the time's getting *on*," in a surprised voice as though he had been expecting it to be going back. He put the watch back in his pocket and said: "Well, Miss Byrne, I'm afraid we shall have to have another talk later on. But there's just one question I'd like to put to you again. You say he seemed a bit odd this morning but you've no idea *why*?"

Lucy said: "No."

"There'd been no dispute with you or anything like that?"

"No."

"What I'm trying to get at is the motive, you see."

"He had plenty of motives," said Lucy. "Every day. It—it wasn't any fun for him."

"Quite. I see that. But there's usually something, you know, that—that tips a man over." Mr. Prince thought for a moment. "You don't reckon that it was anything to do with this business of Brown and Marriott?"

She lifted the calm dark eyes. "What business?" she said.

"I see," said Mr. Prince irrelevantly. "You used to go out with Marriott, didn't you?"

"We had lunch together occasionally or—or a drink. And I went out in the evening with him once."

"Did—*he* know about that?"

"Ivor? Oh, yes."

"Didn't mind?"

"No. He was always saying I didn't go out enough and trying to make me go more."

"But you didn't like *him* spending an evening with Marriott? Why was that, Miss Byrne?"

The one slip. It came back every time. "It was just that Ivor was very easily upset by—by people. There were very few people I really liked leaving him with."

"Anyhow, to you Marriott was just a friend. . . ?"

She said carefully: "He was just a man I work with."

PRINCE nodded in silence. After a moment he got up. "Well, now, you don't want to stay here by yourself. You'd better let my people take you back and look after you, and then we'll have another talk." As Lucy rose he said: "And he's still just a man you work with?"

"Marriott?"

"Yes. You don't feel any differently about him after—what's happened?"

Her eyes were filling with tears, but she said stonily: "I don't quite understand. . . ?"

"You don't feel that he's responsible in any way for—what's happened to Gates?"

"I don't see how——?"

"That's right," said Mr. Prince. He just touched her shoulder with his hand and said: "Well, now, you go along and they'll look after you."

When the other car had driven off Mr. Prince climbed laboriously into his driving seat, grunting loudly. He said: "Get in, gentlemen."

Peach got in beside him and Shole and Iverson waved one another courteously into the back.

Peach said: "Where now?"

Mr. Prince turned and looked at him abstractedly for a moment and then came to life with a startled grunt and took out a small diary. He thumbed through it for a moment and then said: "49 Etheridge Street, Pimlico," rather doubtfully.

Peach said: "But that's where we are n-now."

"Well, I thought that was what you were asking," said Mr. Prince irritably. "Anyhow, it's a lousy place. Let's go somewhere else." He thumbed some more and then grunted and put the diary away and started the engine. "D'you know the way to Denmark Hill?"

"I'm not absolutely sure of it."

"That's all right," said Mr. Prince reassuringly. "I do. Leave it to me. Pity that chap Gates hadn't got any arms."

"Why?"

"Because if he had had he would have left a letter for her. Didn't you hear her say he wanted to write to her? Suicides always want to write to people. Now he's gone and she won't talk, so we have to guess. That's the trouble about this job. You never know anything."

"You think G-Gates knew you were on his track and killed himself because of that?"

"Maybe. But if that was it we're out of luck."

"Why?"

"Because if he knows they probably all know."

"Evans and Marriott?"

"Or whoever." Mr. Prince frowned. "The girl's in *something*," he said irritably. "But we don't know what. May not be this at all. That's the snag with people. They've always got something to hide. You're after opium running and people won't talk because their Uncle Joe was a deserter from the Army in 1916. Maybe she went to bed with a man named Parkinson and feels bad about it."

"Why Parkinson?"

"Why not? It's a good name." The lights went to amber just as the car was passing them. Mr. Prince braked hard and stopped exactly in the fairway of the cross traffic. "It's all right," he called out of the window. "Plenty of room to drive round me, isn't there?"

Peach said: "What are we going to do at Denmark Hill?"

"Oh, that? Well, I'm told that Evans and some of his friends are out there expecting some information. So if we go out there and see who brings it we might get somewhere. That is, if anybody does, which they probably won't."

"That's why you haven't tackled Marriott?"

"That's right. Don't care about Marriott. It's Evans I want. Don't like Evans." Mr. Prince let in the clutch with a shattering jerk and said: "Damn the thing. Sorry, all. It's all right as far as it goes. Girl takes Marriott to Gates query on purpose. Gates takes him to Evans query on purpose. Evans fixes it. Gates knocks himself off query motive. Knows we're on to him, remorse, or having no arms, or *x*. I don't really mind which so long as nobody's tipped Evans off. I don't care for Evans."

Peach said: "I don't think the g-girl knows about it."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince. "Nor do I. Pretty girl. Never believe pretty girls know about anything. It's no good tormenting yourself."

In Denmark Hill Mr. Prince drove about a good deal in side roads, peering anxiously at the kerbs. After a while he said doubtfully: "I should think this would do," and slowed up and then changed his mind and grunted, and drove on again.

Peach said: "You don't know which house it is?"

"House? Oh, yes. I know *that*. I'm looking for somewhere to park the car."

The road was quite empty and about thirty feet wide. Peach said: "I'd have thought anywhere here was all r-right."

"Maybe," said Mr. Prince gloomily. "But the police are very hot round here. *Very* hot. We don't want any trouble. Ah—now *this* looks all right." The road was now much narrower, but there was another car parked in it already. Mr. Prince pulled in behind it with a sigh of relief. He got out and said resentfully: "Now we shall have to walk."

The houses were all big nineteenth-century places standing back from the road with drives leading in to them. Mr. Prince said to Iverson: "Brinslow House, isn't it?"

"Brinslow House," said Iverson.

Brinslow House was at the end of a long drive of chestnut trees. It appeared to be a private hotel, and through one of the big bay windows in front, one could see a lighted room with a lot of small tables set for dinner.

Iverson paused and said: "Want to go in?"

"Have they got a licence?" said Mr. Prince doubtfully.

"No. But we could get a cup of coffee, I expect."

MR. PRINCE shook his head. "I don't think we've got time for coffee," he said. "If they'd got a licence we might have fitted it in. We'd better go straight down." He looked round and said peevishly: "Hell of a lot of us, aren't there? Which side is it, anyhow?"

Iverson pointed to the left. "Over there."

"All right," said Mr. Prince, as though he would have preferred it to be the other side. "Let's go along."

Iverson said apologetically: "I think we'd better keep fairly quiet now. We're only about thirty yards from it at the edge of the garden."

There was a beech hedge about six feet high and through it some lights were showing. Iverson whispered to Mr. Prince: "There's a nice row of peas coming up here. Don't tread on them." Mr. Prince whispered to Peach: "Don't tread on the peas. Pass it back." Peach said to Shole: "They want us to av-avoid the peas."

When they had moved up to hedge, the front door of the next house was very close. Iverson whispered: "I think this is the best we can do." Mr. Prince gave a loud grunt, and suddenly and surprisingly began to sink to the ground, like a horse lying down. From a sitting position he beckoned to Peach. Peach bent down and Mr. Prince hissed in his ear: "It's too damp to sit down. Very damp. Dew."

"Do you want to get up again?"

Mr. Prince shook his head. "No," he whispered. "God knows how long we shall be here."

A man appeared out of the darkness farther down the hedge and said in a low voice: "Three of them so far. Gelderose and Steiner and another. Didn't get him."

"Evans?" said Mr. Prince hopefully.

"No. Not Evans. Tall and bald."

"No Evans?"

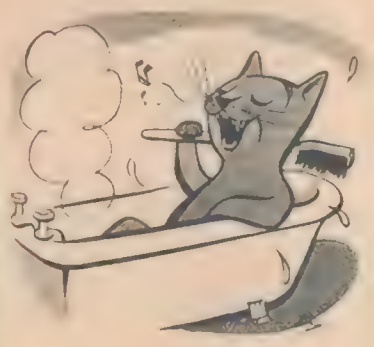
"No, sir."

Mr. Prince said: "Damn it. I was afraid of that," and sighed. After a moment he said: "Still, it's nice to have Gelderose. I wonder they need Gelderose on a thing like this."

To be concluded next week

NOW YOU KNOW

by BERNARD GEIS



CATS *do* need to be brushed and cleaned. Although they are the most self-sufficient of domestic animals, they scrape around in coal dust and filth. And even if your cat is the most fastidiously clean animal in the world, daily grooming with a stiff brush will improve his appearance. Boric acid powder in his ears once a week will guard against ear cankers.

Are you going to the seaside?

Sandcastles! Buckets and spades—steel buckets and spades. Steel already means a lot to your youngsters . . . But it means a lot more to you. Whether you go to the seaside by train, car, or coach you go by steel.

How right you will be, then, to think that anything that affects the efficiency of the steel industry affects your family even if you live miles from a steel works. To-day our vigorous steel industry so well combines the best of planning and competition that it is making steel at lower prices than almost any other country in the world including the U.S.A.

Half the exports that buy your food are steel or made of steel.

STEEL

is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

MURDER AT ELEVEN

Continued from page 18

thirty, he was killed between nine forty-five and twelve thirty.' So our guess at twelve was probably right.

But when I came to alibis—and remember the murderer had to have one for eleven, but not for twelve—things began to go a bit wrong. There was a woodman called Rogers who had no alibi at all, and the other employed men gave each other alibis for the whole morning. Mr. Michael Carter was shut up in Mr. Ambrose's study all the time, or so he said. He was a solid, bossy man, looked older than Ambrose, though he wasn't.

"Nobody came in that you can remember?"

"A maid brought me a whisky-and-soda some time in the course of the morning. I hadn't ordered it, but I drank it."

"When would that be, sir?"

"She might know; I don't." Much too busy a man to notice such trifles, he seemed to be saying.

Doris, the maid, confirmed this, but was uncertain of the time. "It was his elevenses, as you might say, sir; only Hilda sitting down on a queen wasp and naturally having to go upstairs to put something on, and me helping her; well, it all made it late; like."

MR. PETER and Miss Mayfield, that was his girl, gave each other complete alibis, as did the chauffeur and Mrs. Michael. Of course, you'll say that Mr. Peter's real alibi, for twelve o'clock, being only confirmed by a girl in love with him, wasn't very satisfactory. But how I looked at it, if the girl was going to give him an alibi anyhow, all that business of changing the hands of the watch to eleven and then smashing it, was pointless. Any time was alibi-time for him.

Mr. John Whyman was the one I was most disappointed in. His call had come through at ten thirty—not eleven, as he had expected and I had hoped; it was over by ten thirty-five; and he took an iron and half-a-dozen golf balls and went off into the park. All of which was confirmed by the Post Office and Mrs. Michael.

So there we were, and, after all our checking up, the possibilities came down to these:

(1) Michael Carter, assuming his drink had come in at eleven ten, as he would have known; which gave him an alibi for eleven o'clock in the wood; and no alibi for twelve.

(2) Rogers; but only if John Whyman had altered the watch when left alone with the body, and had torn out the page of the diary. Why should he do this? Because he was afraid he might be suspected of the murder, being the hardest-up of the nephews and having discussed with Ambrose the possibility of getting help from his uncle.

(3) Any tramp, with John Whyman assisting again. But this was very unlikely, as the wood was in the middle of a private park, a long way from the road.

In the last two cases why didn't John make the time ten thirty, when he had an alibi, instead of eleven when he hadn't?

No reason. So you can take out (2) and (3), and that leaves Michael Carter.

And then I'm blessed if that wretched little Doris didn't come and say that what with one thing and another, and talking it over with Hilda like, and not noticing the time, Hilda making such a fuss and all, it was twelve o'clock before she took in the whisky. So Mr. Michael Carter was out, too—and nobody did it.

I had a good think about it that night. I lay in my big chair, and put a pipe on and a drink handy, and another chair for my feet. Because the Super was wanting to take a hand, and I thought I should like to tell him who'd done it before he got all the credit for himself, or called in Scotland Yard.

The first thing I thought about was the watch. Look at what we had. The mark on the left wrist showing where it was usually worn; the fact that it was upside down, showing that it was put on the other wrist by somebody else, and the page torn from the diary, showing that the real time of death was being hidden from us. What could be clearer than that?

"Nothing," I said to myself . . . and then found myself saying "Nothing" again in a wondering sort of voice, and going on, "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The murderer *couldn't* have made it clearer!"

Silly of me, wasn't it, not to have seen it before. Why should the murderer want to make it so clear to us that eleven o'clock was the wrong time, unless it was because eleven o'clock was the right time? You see, if he had broken the watch in the ordinary way on the left wrist, then, whatever time he'd put the hands at, he couldn't be sure we'd accept it. Because everybody knows that the hands of a watch or clock can be altered to suit a murderer's plan.

So he did a double bluff. He made us think that he had to get the watch on the right wrist because the wrist was already broken, and he let us think that he hadn't noticed the clues he was leaving behind. In fact, the murder took place at eleven, and this was the murderer's clever way of making us think that it didn't.

Mr. Michael Whyman, then, could have done it. He had no alibi for eleven. Everybody was out of the house by ten thirty-five, and he was alone until twelve when Doris brought in the drink.

I took my feet down, and told myself that I had solved the case . . . and then I put my feet up again and told myself that I hadn't. Because Ambrose and John could have done it equally well. Neither of them had an alibi for eleven. So I had a drink and lit a fresh pipe, and went on thinking.

Motive and opportunity made it certain that one of the four nephews did it. If the one who did it was trying to make us think that the murderer (who had to be one of the four) had an alibi for eleven, wouldn't he make sure that one at least of the other three had such an alibi? Only so could he feel safe.

WELL, what about it? Did Michael know where Ambrose was at eleven? No. Ambrose might have been anywhere. So might John. Did John know where the others were? No. He didn't know where Ambrose was, and even if he knew that Michael was in Ambrose's office, he wouldn't know if Michael could prove it.

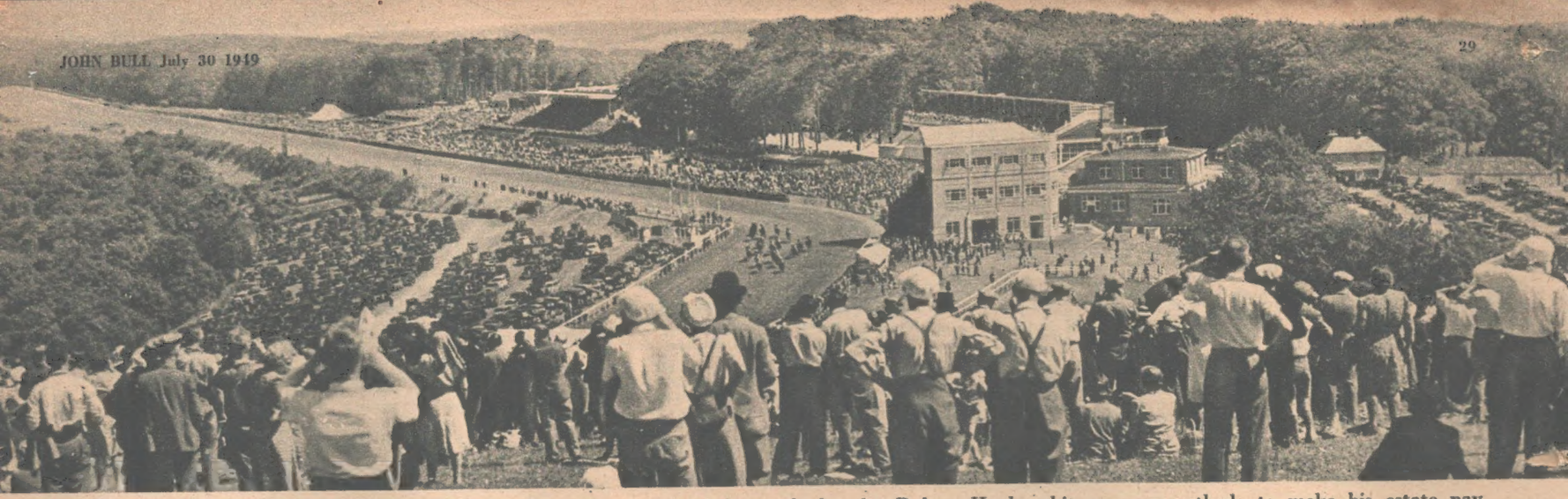
Did Ambrose—and at that I shot out of my chair, banged my fist into my palm, and shouted "Ambrose!"

He had ordered a drink to be sent in to Michael at eleven. That was to be Michael's alibi! John, he knew, had a telephone call coming in at eleven; that would be John's. It wasn't his fault that both alibis failed him.

Ambrose! The amateur detective who had led me on, who had pointed out the mark on the left wrist, and the upside-down watch, and the missing page of the diary; who was taking no risks with a stupid country policeman, but handing it all to him on a plate. Ambrose, who had asked all their plans at breakfast and known where everybody would be. Ambrose, who had so casually let me know that his cousins had an alibi for eleven. Ambrose, who had proved so convincingly that the murder took place at twelve, when neither cousin would have an alibi! Ambrose!

Well, there you are. If he hadn't been so clever, if he hadn't done so much amateur detecting in the wood I shouldn't have tumbled to it. Helped me a lot, he did.

There didn't seem any way of getting legal proof, and we never did prove it. But, as I said at the beginning, we both knew who'd done it.



Goodwood Week is a big date for most racegoers and a big business week for the Duke. He has hit on new methods to make his estate pay

DUKE OF THE COURSE

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Racing; Farm Crops; Broomsticks: A once exclusive estate becomes multiple purveyor

IF VISITORS TO GOODWOOD races left more than £60,000 at the gates this week, the Duke of Richmond, who owns the course, may be able to show a profit on the year.

After adding £25,000 to the prize fund, paying £3,000 for police, probably £30,000 in entertainments tax and another £2,000 on incidentals, he should have something left over towards maintaining the course and the remainder of his 12,500-acre estate near Chichester.

Goodwood is the headquarters of a prosperous many-sided industry that provides a home for the Duke and his family and a living for his 250 employees.

The Duke of Richmond has improved on the "two-bob-a-nob" custom of conducting the public over the baronial mansion—in any case, Goodwood House is an architectural monstrosity.

Almost every twig contributes to the general upkeep of the estate. The wooden shafts of thousands of suburban lawnmowers were once growing at Goodwood. Housewives use furniture and kitchen equipment from the same source. Londoners may consume milk, eggs and poultry produced in the name of the Duke. And our railways use a lot of the timber that might otherwise be rotting in his Sussex forest.

Ballroom Is Office

Part of Goodwood House has been converted into flats for the estate management staff. The Royal wing has become a staff club. The King's smoking-room is now their billiard-room, and his bathroom a bar.

The ballroom is the estate office. The great gilded chandeliers are still there but are now wired for fluorescent lighting. Cream-painted partitions and thick lino have done much to blot out the past but cannot exclude the view across the lawns.

It all started in 1935, when the then Earl of March succeeded his father, inheriting the Dukedoms of Richmond and Gordon, two estates, and a huge bill for death duties. One of the estates, in Scotland, had to be sold forthwith. The new duke resolved to make an asset out of the other. Goodwood was to have a largely agricultural future. This meant two breaks with the Goodwood tradition of wealth and horses. The Duke is more interested in horsepower than horses.

Starting as a ninepence-an-hour fitter in a motor works when he left Oxford, he went right through the business, became a coach designer, and later a motor salesman. He raced cars, winning the gruelling "Double-Twelve" at Brooklands. He also built a private airfield on the estate.

One Man, Two Postings

The airfield was a satellite landing ground for nearby Tangmere Aerodrome during the war. It now has a new career as successor to Brooklands. The Duke, as a R.A.F. flight lieutenant, found that his double title carried double dangers. He tells how the Duke of Richmond was posted to one flight and the Duke of Gordon to another. "There was a flap when one of them was called and did not answer," he says. The matter was straightened out before war history was able to record the case of a duke being posted A.W.O.L.

The war upset his long-term agricultural plans. Goodwood House became a hospital. Scheduled growing land became Army training areas.

After the war the Duke's problem was how to meet a wages bill for the estate department alone—the farm had always been run separately—that had jumped from £125 a week to around £650 with very little increase in staff. How could the estate suddenly produce an extra £500 a week? The Duke and his farm manager proceeded to make Goodwood one of the most mechanized farms in the country.

Grass-drying plant was installed to make hay independently of sun, and so free the fields for the next crop. Corn-drying equipment avoided the tragedy of an earlier year when £250 worth bolted in the stooks and was ruined. Now the two plants work day and night through the season, handling other farms' crops on a contract basis. They cost £3,000 and will repay their cost in three years instead of the normal fifteen. A £60 potato planter paid for itself in three weeks.

Formerly, timber was sold to outside contractors. Now a sawmill has been established.

Ten varieties of wood grow on the estate, including birch, Scotch fir, oak and walnut. Eighty trees a week are cut and replaced. Five big saws scream all day; their maintenance is a full-time job for two men.

Trimming the trees to the correct angles for sawing involves a wastage of almost 25 per cent, or about 1,000 cubic feet of wood a week. "We can use those pieces," said the Duke. The airfield hangar was converted into a turnery, and now more than a thousand items a day are produced. They include domestic mincing-machine handles, spigots for beer barrels, broomsticks and the oak "keys" that hold railway lines in position on the sleepers. By Christmas two orders for 96,000 "keys" will have been completed.

It was found that a turnery finishing machine costing £600 commercially could be made on the estate for £60. Keystones in this monument to private enterprise were the Duke's flair for mechanical design and the gearbox from an old 10-h.p. car.

The airfield itself, though still partly requisitioned, is beginning to produce its quota towards paying the postwar wage bill. Its career as a motor racetrack began a few months ago. The first meeting drew 12,000 spectators. Last Easter 40,000 turned up to a second meeting—more than double the number expected. The organizers could not cope with so many. A proposed third meeting was cancelled to give time for adjustments to be made. By September, the fourth date on the calendar, the teething troubles should be over.

A Mild Flutter

During Goodwood week the staff takes on other jobs in connection with the races and the estate manager, Ralph Hubbard, becomes Clerk of the Course. The Duke and Duchess, who normally live quietly, entertain on a big scale then.

The Duke having already broken with family tradition by not owning horses, also breaks a personal no-betting rule by investing five shillings on a race or two.

But though he has been playing the perfect host to his house guests and the thousands of visitors crowding the course, probably at the back of his mind he is trying to cope with Goodwood's one remaining unsolved big problem: how to make profitable use of the two wagon-loads of sawdust that have to be dumped every day.

Motor-races, too: the Duke greets R. Parnell, Richmond Trophy winner

ANSWER THE CALL OF THE SEA!

READER George Butcher and his wife were gloomily packing to leave Cliftonville after their holiday. Then, from their home at 50 The Chine, London, N., came news from their daughter which swiftly cheered them up again.

He had won his very first cash prize in *Bullets*—a £500 cheque for his topical effort, ROUND THE WORLD — OUR "LINES," OUR LIFE.

Now, for the last time in 1949, this week's chief cheques are accompanied by free seaside weeks for two—and these holidays can be taken this year *or* next, as desired. But hurry, hurry, for your £500 coupon below *must* be posted by Monday, August 8.

Final Week of Holidays

£500 FIRST PRIZE CASH plus Seaside Holiday for Two

£50, £25, 2 of £10—each plus Seaside Holiday for Two

—providing week's hotel accommodation for two at Blackpool, Bournemouth, Brighton, Douglas, Eastbourne, Ilfracombe, Margate, Scarborough, Torquay or Weston-super-Mare. (All holidays arranged by Cook's.)

5 of £5, 10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shots"

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

A fine Fountain-pen accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

IT'S LANDING ON THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order —any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 27 and in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Work For Britain	To Be Popular
Almighty Dollar	Made Her Eyes Sparkle
The Old Way	Breathless Moment
Burden Of Austerity	When Dad Went Sailing
Prices And Wages	Thrown Together
The Wrath To Come	In His Little Cell
Life's Tapestry	
Makes Us Wonder	**Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions**
More Plentiful	
Trying To Save	Something.....And
There's No Short Cut, So	.....Of Tomorrow
Rain In The Desert	Woman Who.....
Worrying	Might Be A.....
Man I'm Sorry For	Soon Got.....
	Nobody Would.....If

32 PAGES

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Secure *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette* for 8 weeks—apply on coupon below for REDUCED RATE supply.

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"An admirable guide to the do's and don'ts of *Bullets*" is the tribute paid by £500 winner Butcher to "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. To secure this bright little paper by post each week, apply on label adjoining your *Bullets* coupon on this page.

3 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 639

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Boiler. 6, Putty. 10, Junk. 12, Packs. 13, Rank. 14, Sweet. DOWN: 1, Bones. 2, Lace. 3, Eats. 4, Bays. 5, Stroke. 7, Pan. 8, Bull. 9, Quack. 11, Post.

THREE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. R. Dickson, 18 Victoria Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London, W.14; Mrs. E. H. Dunn, 41 Bedonwell Road, Bexley Heath, Kent; J. Rishton, 26 Thurston Street, Burnley. In addition, each Winner receives a 20-lb. Food Parcel.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 53 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

"Bullets" Winners 1,687

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: G. Pullman, 90 Ellacombe Church Road, Torquay.

MADE HIM—"POWER"—PLUG, PLUG, PLUG!

SECOND PRIZE, £50: D. Green, 20 Deane Road, Liverpool, 7: IF NOBODY CLIMBS — DOWN — INTO DEEPER SHELTERS?

THIRD PRIZE, £25: E. M. Churchill, 2 Cotham Grove, Bristol, 6: CHEAPER—THAN BANDAGES, BRAKE LININGS!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: P. Cassidy, 31 Clyde Drive, Shotts, Lanarks: SHIP OF STATE—"FOUNDERING" IN UNUSED FONT. £10: E. R. Peek, 15 St. Nicholas Street, Dereham: IF NOBODY TOLERATED —"DIRTY CRACKS," MUCH "HEALTHIER." £5: S. Dickerson, 66 Dickens Road, East Ham, E.6: AT THE BUTCHER'S—REFRIGERATORS—FANS—*Cardboard* LAMBS! £5: G. Gray, 2 Craigleith Avenue, North Berwick: TOO FAST—FOR TOWNSMAN, GILES *Harvesting*! £5: L. Mansley, 75 Victoria Road, Lockwood, Huddersfield: CHEAPER—FOR TWO? WELL, *Cheerier*! £5: F. E. Morris, 3 Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20: STRAIGHT FROM THE IMMORTAL—BLACKSMITH, "RED-HOT TIP"—WORK! £5: W. Roberts, 46 Warbreck Avenue, Aintree: IF NOBODY WANTED—BUN *And* PENNY, "CAKE"!

Swiss Holidays arranged by Cook's.

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

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(Winner's telegram Friday, August 19)

Awards Value **£25** Amongst 1st Runners-up

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20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 644

2. The clothes holidaymaker is taking with him should be this with care
6. Mother has special place for them
9. Whoever's responsible for these should ring the changes as far as practicable
10. Ambitious débutante is delighted when she gets a really good one
12. At big sporting event, enthusiasm is bound to be
13. Pianist may play too dominant a part in such a musical item

Down Clues

1. Britain's firm belief in her this has always helped her to win through
2. There's very little sunshine to anyone in this
3. Clever ones are apt to tax your patience
4. It may be difficult to shut one up
5. Getting money from them is not always so simple as it looks
6. Very young children should know nothing of the this of hard sentences
7. Certain people suffer more than others through loss of
8. The prow of a big boat is often this
11. To make this, clay is used

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

In adjudication, all extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

1	■	2P	■	3C	K	E	4D	■	■	■	■	■
I	■	■	■	O	C	■	■	■	5	■	■	■
G	E	T	■	■	■	■	N	C	O	■	■	■
H	■	■	6P	E	■	7S	■	H	O	■	■	■
T	8C	■	A	S	■	■	■	E	L	■	■	■
■	■	■	■	■	9	E	A	L	S	■	■	■
10	R	E	S	S	■	E	R	A	■	■	■	■
■	V	■	I	N	A	P	T	■	11	■	■	■
12	E	E	N	■	■	■	I	O	U	■	■	■
644	D	I	G	S	■	13	O	N	G	■	■	■

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

I enclose P.O. value.....

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644 Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 8

Free Speech

Do Women Make Better Workers?

YOUR CORRESPONDENT who said that the only reason female labour is in such demand is that it is lower paid ("Free Speech," July 9) is not correct. We who have supervised female labour know that frequently women are more willing, cheerful, adaptable, obedient and discerning than many workmen.—ARTHUR WHITAKER, 2 First Avenue, York.

Silence Road Drills

SILENCERS OR RUBBER absorbers should be fitted to all road drills. The infernal noise they make is unnecessary and should not be tolerated any longer.—FRANK A. ROGERS, 47 Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N.19.

"Fighting Mad"

WE IN NORTHERN IRELAND are proud to be regarded as British. Englishmen frequently make oversights regarding our sportsmen and this makes us fighting mad. In his article, "You've Got to Kid a Boxer Along" (JOHN BULL, June 4), Stanley Russell says that Freddie Mills is Britain's only world champion. What has happened to Rinty Monaghan?—D. N. FERRETT, 161 Crumlin Road, Belfast.

Apologies to Rinty Monaghan, who won the world flyweight championship in March last year and still holds the title—EDITOR.

Sport On The Screen

LIKE MANY OTHER PEOPLE, I appreciate films on any sport. Yet I have never seen one produced by a British company. Why our film industry's unimaginative neglect of the British love of sport?—H. E. RICHARDS, 4 Bodfor Street, Rhyl, Flintshire.

"Good Intentions, But . . ."

REINTRODUCING married women teachers to the schools has been a failure. They are filled with good intentions, but just can't cope with their double rôle. At my school, there are three married women teachers. Two of them have been away for a month with nervous breakdowns. Classes of twenty-five to thirty children have had to swell to fifty to sixty. — SCHOOLMASTER, Glamorgan.

Children Show The Way

DRIVING HEAVY GOODS vehicles every day, I am appalled by the ignorance and stupidity of people about road safety. Children on an average seem more intelligent and to have more traffic sense than their elders. I suppose it's the teaching in schools.—VETERAN, Middlesex.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Readers with personal problems (other than medical) can ask for advice from our team of experts. Queries should be sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply, please.

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If you know what it is to suffer the agonies of tired, aching feet, that burn and throb till you'd give anything for relief, write today for a free copy of "Feet—What Makes them Ache and Throb."

It is a new contribution to Medical Science by an eminent Authority. It is packed with facts, including a new treatment, known as "Deep Stimulation," which brings almost instant relief.

Already thousands are expressing their gratitude for this great new source of relief.

Just send a card to Simpson's, (Dept. 24), 43 Museum St., London, W.C.1, with your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS and the word "Booklet" in the bottom left-hand corner of the address side.

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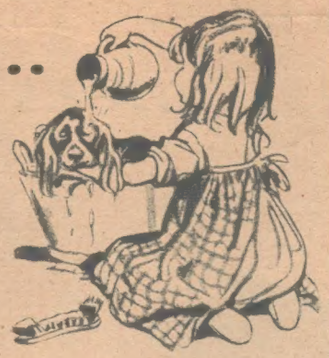
If your feet are hurting now, send for the book, but get Simpson's Stimulative Foot Ointment and use it as it says. It only costs 2/10d. at any chemist and you will be amazed at the relief it brings.

It's only natural...



....for her to include the Pup in 'washing-day', although he may not see eye to eye with her. Happily occupied, she's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

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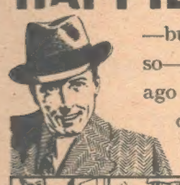

—but it wasn't always so—only a short while ago every day was a dismal affair for both of us . . .

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